

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- ***Grandma Santa—Enola Chamberlin***
- ***Time to Enjoy Christmas—Bernice Lyon***

December 1954

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Merry Christmas

I'm back this month to wish you a Merry Christmas—in sixteen languages.

Instead of saying "Merry Christmas" our friends south of the border down Mexico way say, "Feliz Navidad." If you were in France at Christmas time, you would be greeted with a cheery "Joyeux Noel." The Italians wish each other a "Buon Natale." The three Scandinavian countries have similar Yuletide greetings. In Sweden it's "Glad Jul"; in Norway, "Gledelig Jul," and in Denmark, "Glaedelig Jul." "Frøehliche Weihnachten" is the standard Christmas greeting in Germany. If you could be behind the Iron Curtain during this season, you would hear good Christian people say, "Strozhdetstom Kristovym."

This is the time of year when Poland says, "Wesolych Swiat"; Greece, "Kala Christougena"; Czechoslovakia, "Vesele Vanoce"; Lithuania, "Linksmu Kaledu"; Yugoslavia, "Stretan Bozic"; Hungary, "Boldog Karacsony"; Holland, "Zalig Kerstfeest," and America, "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

If you are planning to have a Christmas party this season, why not make signs or posters of Christmas greetings in these various languages. You can tack them on the wall or suspend them from the ceiling so that all your guests will notice them easily.

● **What's Here?** . . . There are Christmas features galore in this month's issue of *Hearthstone*. You'll read about a grandmother who was once a department store Santa Claus, a man who wanted to make the Christmas story real and vivid to his people, and the various interpretations of Santa in other countries. If you're one of those people who have a paucity of shekels at this time of the year, you'll want to read Louise Price Bell's featurette, "Christmas Decorations that Cost Nothing." Better grab your bifocals, pince nez, or magnifying glass and start reading this issue of *Hearthstone*.

● **What's Coming?** . . . If you have trouble keeping your New Year's resolutions, you'll find a pertinent article in next month's *Hearthstone* by Rosalie W. Doss, entitled, "New Year's Resolutions that Keep." Mothers of Cub-Scout-age boys probably cringe in their boots at the mere thought of having a den, but Dorothy Prather thinks it's fun. You'll think so, too, after reading her article "Yen for a Den."

Robert Burns (not the bonny Scotch poet) has an article which will be of interest to those anticipating matrimony. It's called, "Off to a Good Start."

See you next month.

—S. H.

A Word

From

The Word



—Three Lions

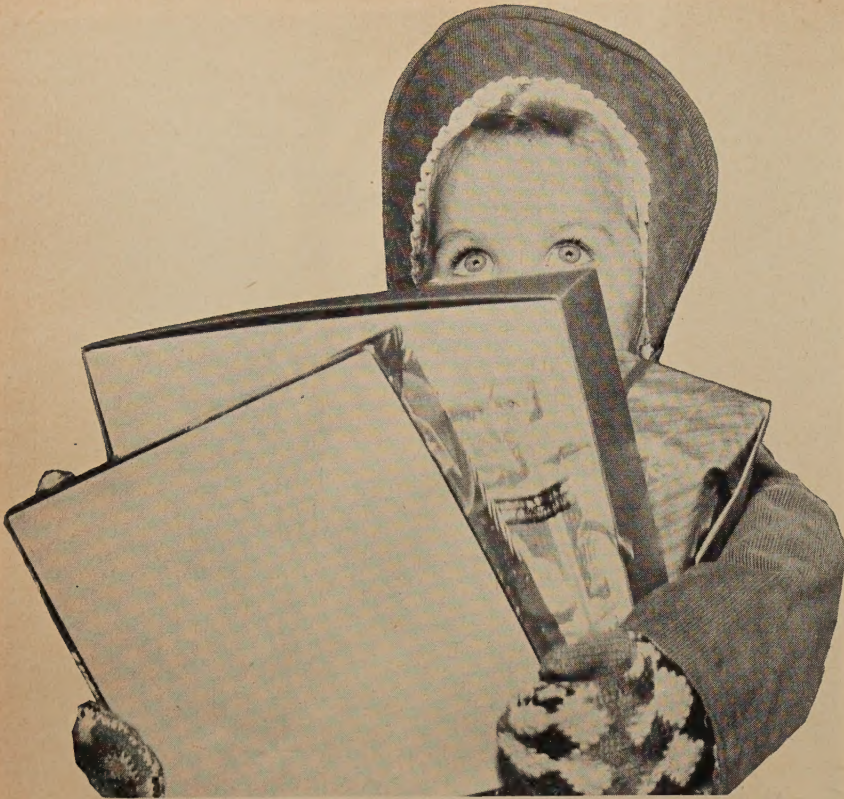
—Painting by Peter Paul Rubens
(Flemish School: 1577-1640)

Paul

But whatever any one dares to boast of—I am speaking as a fool—I also dare to boast of that. Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they descendants of Abraham? So am I. Are they servants of Christ? I am a better one—I am talking like a madman—with far greater labors, far more imprisonments, with countless beatings, and often near death. Five times I have received at the hands of the Jews the forty lashes less one. Three times I have been

beaten with rods; once I was stoned. Three times I have been shipwrecked; a night and a day I have been adrift at sea; on frequent journeys, in danger from rivers, danger from robbers, danger from my own people, danger from Gentiles, danger in the city, danger in the wilderness, danger at sea, danger from false brethren; in toil and hardship, through many a sleepless night, in hunger and thirst, often without food, in cold and exposure.

2 CORINTHIANS 11:21-28.



—Eva Luoma

This Christmas give your child the gift of happiness,
found in sharing together the joys of the season

Time to Enjoy

Christmas

by Bernice Lyon

EXCITEMENT was prevalent at the home on the hill. Christmas was coming, and Betty had been taken to see Santa Claus time after time. Trips to the department stores to visit the toy counters had been added to the family's preparation for the holiday. Continuous emphasis through the weeks had been on the gifts that Santa would leave under the tree for Betty. On Christmas morning she was up bright and early, but little Betty could not stay up;

excitement had made her ill, and she spent the day in bed.

Childhood memories are a priceless heritage, and we parents have a great responsibility, as we guide the activities of our children into channels that will fill their hearts and minds with memories which they will treasure through the years. A Christmas experience such as Betty's is not a happy memory, and not one which she will store away in that special Christmas corner of her heart.

"By doing your own shopping early you can have the last few weeks before Christmas to devote to your children."

By doing your own shopping early you can have the last few weeks before Christmas to devote to your children. Remember that you are building memories; and they must not be memories of excitement and illness because of poor judgment and poor planning on your part. Instead they should be memories of joyous anticipation, of family fun, of planning, of secrets, of work, and of play. Interwoven into all of these preparations will be the stories and the beautiful music which make Christmas the most glorious holiday of all the year. We should never approach the Christmas season without impressing upon the minds of our children that it is the birthday of Jesus, God's most precious gift to the world. With Jesus' birthday as the center of our thinking it is easy to sit down with the children and make plans for a gay and happy holiday.

After Thanksgiving, when streets acquire a festive look, stores are aglow with light and color, and toys of every description adorn counters and windows to the delight of children of every age, then is the time for some family excursions. Try to choose a time when the crowds will not be too pressing and take the children to the stores for a happy hour or two of window shopping. Think of the friends and loved ones you want to make happy with a gift,

and wonder, with the children, which toy would be best for Jimmy, which for Mary and so on. Thinking in terms of others, instead of self, is often so interesting that the children forget to beg for toys for themselves. Two or three short trips for purchasing gifts are far better than one exhausting trip.

Browsing through those colorful and interesting gift catalogues that come from the mail-order houses is fun and such a relaxing way to shop. Gather the children about you and really enjoy yourselves as you look and wish and wonder. Ideas grow, and the air of secrecy that envelops the home is full of mystery and joyous anticipation. Such fun!

Some of the best loved gifts are those made by the children themselves. One grandmother was delighted with a booklet made by her granddaughter, who was in public school kindergarten. The booklet contained several of the delightful songs and poems the child had learned at school and her own pictures illustrating them. There seems to be an extra bit of love wrapped up with such a gift, and it finds its way right into the heart of the person receiving it.

Santa Claus always enters the picture early in the season. He appears in advertisements in our magazines long before December rolls around; billboards herald his coming; the department store Santas are on the job weeks in advance of Christmas, and the radio tells us over and over again, through the medium of song, that we had better "watch out," for "Santa Claus is coming to town."

We would not deprive our children of the joy of Santa Claus, but our approach to him should be in the spirit of fun and make-believe which makes him such a jolly old fellow to have around at this season. Tell the children the legend of Saint Nicholas. He was an old man who lived long ago in Germany. He loved children, and he liked to dress in his red suit on Christmas Eve and go through the town leaving toys for the boys and girls. Parents and children alike watched for him on Christmas Eve. Stories of this good, kind man have been told through the

years until we now know him as the Santa Claus who descends through the chimney on Christmas Eve to fill stockings and to heap toys beneath the Christmas tree.

Tell the story with the same spirit of fun and make-believe that you give to the Mother Goose rhymes and the fairy tales, which children love so much, and which you would never think of telling seriously.

Enter into the children's plans for Santa's visit. Let them write letters, but instead of mailing them and making the postman's load heavier, have a happy little ceremony around the fireplace. With a chuckle in your voice and a twinkle in your eye, you will suggest that the message is going up

the chimney in smoke signals and that Santa Claus will surely find it in the air. Never let a hint of seriousness creep into this fun. Even on Christmas Eve, when the children want to set out a plate of goodies for Santa, you will need to keep that same chuckle in your voice as you wonder if Santa grew so round and so jolly because of so much good food. If Daddy happens to empty the plate before morning, there will be more laughter, and accusations which Daddy will laugh off but will not deny.

The nicest thing about Santa is that each one of us can be a Santa Claus ourselves. When we do something especially nice to bring happiness to others, we are being a Santa Claus. If we always help

Santa Claus should have a place in the lives of small children

—RNS



our children think of themselves as Santa when they give gifts at Christmas time, it will ease the disappointment, if there is any, when they learn that Santa is only a myth.

Preparing for Christmas means so much more than buying gifts; it means a wreath on the door to say Merry Christmas to everyone; it means decorating the home, trimming the tree, baking cookies, making candy and stringing lights on trees and shrubbery on the lawn. Much of the joy of Christmas goes into this planning and preparation. Turn the rooms of your home into real Christmas bowers that bring happiness into your heart each time you enter them. This happiness and joy is akin to worship; so many real moments of worship may grow out of your experiences with the children as you work and play together.

The beautiful Christmas music is conducive to worship and should be a part of all the holiday plans. If you enjoy singing together, you can have many joyous moments with the carols. There are songs for the smaller children in their church school material. Do not neglect them. Learn their songs and sing on their level, too. The radio is a rich source of glorious music at Christmas time, and the

record player affords us the opportunity of playing the very music that fits our mood.

Some wonderful hours can be spent by Mother and children, as they work together in the kitchen, making those delicious goodies that are so much a part of the season. Sticky fingers, happy chatter as they sift, and stir and mix, and the generous sampling before the finished product goes into the oven, all help in the building of memories that live in the minds of children.

In the church school the children are hearing again the story of the birth of Jesus. That story is made more real to them through activities which make it come alive. Some groups dramatize the story; others create the scene by the use of a crèche; still others make a diorama depicting that night at the stable. Sometimes activities are planned, by the teacher, to carry over into the home experiences of the child and the family. When such an activity is planned, it is intended to have real value for the child. We parents should never be so busy with our own activities that we overlook the contributions made by our children.

Reliving the Christmas story as you arrange the manger scene in your home could become one of

the high lights of your holiday preparations. The stars twinkling on a deep blue background, the sheep huddled together on the hillside, and the shepherds kneeling before Mary and Joseph and the Infant Jesus in the manger. How can anyone work with such a scene and not feel a surge of joy in his heart?

Christmas Eve can be a very sacred night in your home. While your children are still young, you may establish customs which soon become a tradition in your family. With the tree lights glowing, the candles on the worship center burning, and the soft light shining on the manger scene, you are ready for a reverent and happy worship period with the family. You need not follow a set pattern but keep your own family in mind as you plan for this evening together. You may have favorite poetry, carols, and stories you want to include but be sure that they lead to worship. Always include the Bible story of the birth of Jesus.

Enjoy Christmas day with your children, too. Part of the joy of new toys is in sharing them with Mother and Daddy. Take time to play with the children.

Yes, Christmas can be calm and serene and peaceful if we plan to keep it so.

Two Christmas Legends

by Joseph C. Salak

LEGEND OF THE POINSETTIA

On Christmas day, Maria, a poor little Mexican girl, slowly walked down the road to the village church. She was weeping because all of the children ran ahead carrying gifts to the crèche which had been erected in honor of the Christ child.

Her parents were poor with hardly enough to eat or wear, and she was the only child in the entire village who had nothing to offer before the manger.

As she rubbed her eyes an angel appeared and learned why she wept.

"Dry your tears, my child," the angel instructed

(Continued on page 28.)

LEGEND OF THE MARIGOLD

A small boy, the brother of one of the shepherds who had gone to the manger to worship the Christ child, sat alone and looked up at the bright star shining above. He, too, wished he could visit the manger, but he was poor and had nothing to offer, not even a little lamb of his own. As he sat there, he looked around at the bright golden blossoms of a humble pot-herb which grew in abundance. To his childish mind these were very beautiful, and he felt certain the Christ child would like to see such lovely flowers.

(Continued on page 28.)

A Poet And His Parents

by Lucy Wakefield

From *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, by Samuel Pickard, courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.
Photographs from *Whittier Land*, by Pickard.

THE evening chores were completed, and light from the huge center fireplace fell on a young boy bent over his slate doing sums for class next day. Reflections from the flames danced in his eyes as he wrote, and his father noticed that the youth looked unusually happy for a boy who was simply doing schoolwork. The elder man watched a moment longer and then walked quietly to the boy's desk and squinted at his son's small neat script.

"And must I always swing the flail,
And help to fill the milking pail?
I wish to go away to school
I do not wish to be a fool."

The man straightened and looked sternly at the boy. "John Greenleaf Whittier, are you 'versing' again?"

Yes, John was rhyming again. It wasn't that he wanted to escape his share of the chores, but milking the farm's seven cows each morning at four and plowing the tough New England soil were taking their toll of this frail youngster. John wanted an education, but first a mortgage of six hundred dollars on the homestead and poor health were obstacles for the young Quaker lad to defeat. Then, too, his father felt that "versing" would not earn the boy "bread money."

Little did his family suspect that in a few years he would become not only a great poet but one of the first leaders of the antislavery

movement climaxed forty years later by Lincoln.

Whittier's father was a stern man, the head of a large farm, and a good provider. In the community he was respected, twice holding offices as selectman in Essex County. Steeped in Quakerism, he knew the Bible thoroughly and passed this knowledge to his children each night through prayer sessions in the big Haverhill kitchen. To his family he taught the importance of simplicity, and he felt that a good Quaker had no need for an educated "polish."

True always to the doctrine of the Society of Friends, the poet's

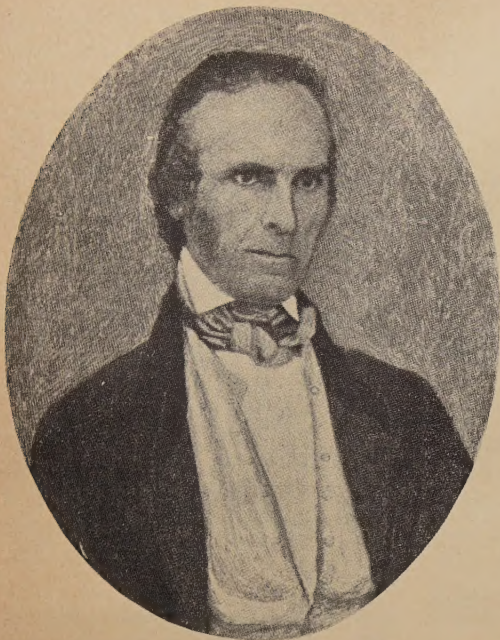
father lived a long life and saw his son put "versing" to use fighting to free the slaves. It is often said that the elder Whittier, who was a strong, well-built man, caused his son's severe heart condition by forcing the boy to do heavy work. Mr. Whittier's biographers cite this as untrue.

Whittier's mother, Abigail, was considered to be, by all who knew her, a warm, generous person. Her home served as a refuge for wandering gypsies and crippled beggars, and she sheltered anyone who came to her door. It was she who gave Whittier his background as an abolitionist, and from her he inherited compassion for men in bondage.

Abigail taught her son to respect civic leaders. When the poet was eight, the circus and President Monroe came to Haverhill on the same day. John especially wanted to see the President, but his father forbade his going. The next day the little boy walked all the way to town to see if he could at least find some footprints where the President had been. "He found at last an impression of an elephant's foot in the road, and, supposing this to be Monroe's track, he followed it as far as he could. Then he went home, satisfied he had seen the footsteps of the greatest man in the country."

John Greenleaf Whittier's birthplace in Haverhill, New Hampshire





Whittier at the age of 49

Matthew, Mary, and Elizabeth, as brother and sisters of the poet, completed the family picture. Elizabeth stayed with Whittier all her life, advising and encouraging him. Those who knew her remarked that she was her brother's complement. For while he was handsome, yet painfully shy, she made up for her physical unattractiveness by being a gay, congenial hostess and a brilliant conversationalist. Both she and Whittier remained single.

Also present in the Whittier home during the poet's youth were his Aunt Mercy and Uncle Moses. It was the latter who would take John into the country and teach him nature lore. Though Uncle Moses taught Whittier the signs of spring and fall, he never needed to teach the boy to love animals. This came to Whittier as naturally as his interest in God. Animals responded with a devotion that matched their young master's.

Old Butler, one of the farm's bulls, once saved the poet's life by a fantastic show of strength. "Greenleaf went to the pasture one day with a bag of salt for the cattle, and Old Butler from the brow of the hill recognized him and knew his errand. As the boy bent over, shaking the salt out of

the bag, the bull came down the hill toward him with flying leaps, and his speed was so great that he could not check himself. He would have crushed his young master, but by a supreme effort, gathering himself together at the right moment, the noble creature leaped into the air, over the head of the boy, and came to the ground far below with a tremendous concussion and without serious injury to himself."

Whittier's oldest sister, Mary, can be credited with giving her brother his first push into the editorial world. When the poet was eighteen years old, she sent one of his poems anonymously to William Garrison, editor of the *Free Press*. Entitled "The Exile's Departure," the poem was well received, and Garrison sought the author. Imagine his surprise to discover that a bashful farm boy had written it.

Immediately Garrison went to Whittier's father and asked if the boy could be sent to school. The elder Whittier refused to let him go because he was needed at home, and the expenses of a school were too great. The matter was dropped until two circumstances made it possible for Whittier to get an education: a new academy opened

in Haverhill, and Whittier suffered a serious injury from farm work.

Money became the only problem, and the poet solved this by making slippers which he sold for twenty-five cents per pair, receiving a profit of eight cents on each he sold. By working long hours he made enough money for one term, and "He calculated so closely every item of expense that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had this sum of money when his half year of study was over."

While at the academy, he became a regular contributor to papers, and his poems took on a political nature as he grew older. Thus, he began to carve himself a place in government. He finally joined the abolitionists. He still had poor health, however.


By the time he was twenty-four, he was well known as an author, editor, and politician. The young leader had been asked to run for Congress, but he lacked one year of the necessary age. Then, at twenty-six his life changed suddenly. His dedication to free the slaves became intense, and he gave up much of his popularity and his monetary and political returns to devote his energies entirely to the unpopular movement to liberate the slaves.

Whittier did not rush into this decision. He weighed all the facts carefully and then, remembering the things his mother and father had taught him when he was a small boy on the farm, he placed on the scale his Quaker inheritance—"that tradition of his sect against the institution of slavery," and it far outweighed his personal fame and fortune.

The Star Of Bethlehem

A star shown on a stable
One early Christmas morn.
It's tidings said to all the world
"A Savior has been born."
The star of Bethlehem still shines
In hearts of Christian men
For all who seek the holy light
Christ is born again.

—Janet L. Palmquist



“There’s something I must tell you. I—I don’t know just how to say it and I probably wouldn’t, only . . .”

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

A good way to cure loneliness is to help someone by loving him out of his trouble

Green Christmas

a story by **MABEL-RUTH JACKSON**

“O LONG, Mr. Peake. Merry Christmas!”

“Oh, thanks, Mr. Peake! Merry Christmas!”

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! thought William Peake sadly, after his help had gone, dismissed early this twenty-fourth day of December, each the richer for an extra bill with Alexander Hamilton’s rather austere face on one side.

He wasn’t an assiduous proprietor this afternoon. In fact, he hoped, after the last late luncheon in his small cafe picked up her bulging shopping bag and left, that no one else would come in. He wanted to sit quietly by him-

self and dream about how different this holiday season would have been if young Bill could have been with them.

But even more than that, he wanted to try to plan something that would make the time pass more easily for Anna, his wife. He had suggested that they close up the house and stay a few days at a hotel in Los Angeles, but Anna vetoed that quickly and he had felt relieved because he hadn’t really wanted to go himself. He had just thought that there would be distractions in Los Angeles that would make the time less sorrowful during the holiday.

“I’d rather stay here, William,”

Anna said, smiling at him understandingly. “It’s too noisy in the city. And what would Heather do with us away?”

William had to smile a little, too, but it was at the thought of a dog keeping them at home. Neighbors would care for her. Too bad they had had only one child, he thought now. Anna was always so overflowing with love. It would have spread over a dozen easily.

JUST THEN the door opened and a young man entered, his coat and hat dripping with moisture. His deeply tanned face was moody and his blue eyes resentful as he glanced up at Mr. Peake from one

of the stools before the counter.

"A cup of coffee, please."

Mr. Peake drew a cup of hot, fragrant brown liquid from the shining urn and set it before him, wondering if the boy had lost his job or had a quarrel with his girl. He was startled when his customer asked harshly, "Does it always rain here at Christmas time?"

"Well . . ." Mr. Peake smiled apologetically, "not always. But this is Southern California, you know."

"I came in here," the young man went on, jerking his head toward the small-paned, frost-covered windows, "because of them."

"My wife's idea," said Mr. Peake proudly. "The Jack Frost Cafe."

"Even if the frost is synthetic, it looks good to me," his customer added, rather defiantly.

"Oh—you're from a cold climate." Mr. Peake nodded understandingly.

"Right now I'm from Panama." He set down the cup of coffee and looked up. "Mister, I've been sweating it out down there for over two years. Sometimes the only thing that kept me from chucking it all—bad as that would be—was thinking about the white Christmas I'd have with . . ." He stopped. "I'm sorry, sir—I didn't mean to spill over. I've done enough of that today," he added, his mouth grim. "Only this—" he gestured bitterly toward the steady downpour outside, "is the Christmas I *didn't* dream about. Rain . . . roses . . . green grass!"

"Well, now," Mr. Peake murmured inadequately, "that's too bad. I like snow at Christmas pretty well, myself." He looked down at the bent head. *Just a boy—about Bill's age*, he thought, *twenty-one—two, thereabouts*.

Suddenly the Bright Idea popped into his head. This boy wanted snow and ice and he and Anna would be glad of young company—particularly now. It would do Anna a world of good to have someone to cook for, do for. And this boy needed something.

Maybe some of the overspilling of Anna's love. And it wasn't

right for anyone to be miserable at Christmas time.

HE MADE a sudden decision. "There's snow and ice only a few miles from here. That's where my home is—up in the mountains at Crestville. If you'd like to drive up with me—my wife'll be glad to see you."

The young man looked up, startled. "Snow and ice!" he repeated incredulously. "You really mean it? And yet you're down here."

Mr. Peake's smile crinkled face lines at the corners of his gray eyes. "My home is up there but my business is down here—this cafe. Well—how about coming up with me?"

"Why—why—you don't even know me. I might be a—a thief, or an embezzler, or . . ."

"Shucks, do I look like such a poor judge of character as that?" Mr. Peake narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips appraisingly. "I think you're just out of uniform and that you've just finished your two and a half years in Panama. Right?"

"Right. Well, it's awfully kind of you, but . . ." He hesitated but Mr. Peake could see he was greatly tempted. Then, "All right! I'll go—and thanks a lot! My name's Dale March."

THE OLD station wagon bore them as eagerly as a horse returning to the home stable. In a few brief words Mr. Peake spoke of Bill, who hadn't come back. "It'll do Mother good to have a young fellow in the house. Don't mind if she fusses over you."

A couple of miles took them through the city streets and then they began the climb in the gathering dusk. Faster, newer cars swished past them. Glaring headlights curved down toward them. Out of the rain into the cold, pure air of the heights. Lofty mountains. Fir trees laden with blue-white drifts. William Peake could sense the absorbed, eager interest in Dale's alert silence.

Finally they came to the snowy, rutted streets of the mountain village and stopped in front of a

steep-gabled, red-roofed cottage. "Well, here we are!" He smiled sympathetically as Dale leaped out.

"Gosh, it's great!" Dale stood still and drew a deep, satisfying breath, then scooped up a handful of snow and rolled it into a ball, handling it like something precious.

"Yoo-hoo!" called Mr. Peake as they stepped into the house and an answering call came from another part of the house. Presently a small, motherly looking woman with curly white hair came hurrying in.

William Peake kissed her tenderly, then said, "Anna, I've brought you a visitor. This is Dale March and he's been pinin' for a white Christmas. My wife, Dale."

"Welcome, Dale," she said, taking his hand, her warm brown eyes full of friendliness. "My goodness, boy, you're all wet! You'll catch pneumonia or something if you don't get into some dry clothes. Come along with me."

She took him to a masculine-looking bedroom and brought out slacks, a sweater, and woolen socks. "They'll fit you, I know," she said softly, blinking her eyes a little. "There's the bathroom. Take a hot bath and put them on." She closed the door gently behind her.

Left alone, Dale stared around curiously. Pennants, school snapshots on the walls . . . a tennis racket leaning negligently in a corner . . . and a silver-framed picture on the tall chest of drawers—a smiling young man in uniform. Bill, of course. This had been his room.

Dale's eyebrows drew together in a frown and he swallowed. "Nuts!" he said and began to take off his wet clothes quickly.

Outside, Anna buttonholed her husband. "William," she said firmly, "give!"

William grinned. That was a piece of slang she had picked up from Bill and it came oddly from her smiling lips. "Well, Anna, Dale's a homesick boy. It's raining down in the valley and he was all set for snow and ice. Just out of service—a stint down in Pana-

ma. He seemed so unhappy and at loose ends. So I just invited him up here. I gave him the snow and I figured *you* could help him get straightened out in his mind about what else is botherin' him. You should have seen him make a snowball! For a minute or two he looked real happy but it didn't last. He's just a kid, really, and I think he's kind of mixed up in his mind."

CHRISTMAS music came over the radio as they were eating dinner—a boys' choir lifting fresh young voices in "Glory, Glory, how the angels sang!" "O Little Town of Bethlehem!" and other beloved songs and carols.

When "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" came on, William Peake tried to catch Dale's eye but the boy was busy with his salad. He had not talked much—more to Heather, the beautiful collie who had bounded in just before they sat down. "I have—had—a German shepherd up in Minnesota," he said, "named Thor."

"Heather don't take to everybody," said Anna, bringing in the last platter and William Peake could see that Dale was pleased because Heather certainly "took" to him, resting her head on his knee and looking up at him trustfully.

William Peake had been afraid Dale wouldn't eat much, feeling the way he so evidently did, but he needn't have worried. The way the fried chicken, snowy mashed potatoes, and peas and yams disappeared showed there was nothing wrong with his appetite, at any rate.

Anna beamed when Dale exclaimed boyishly, "Mrs. Peake, you're a swell cook! My mother . . ." He checked himself then and Mr. Peake, after a moment's embarrassing silence, spoke of the day's happenings in the cafe—little humorous incidents. "I always brief Mother about what goes on," he explained. But he wondered why Dale had stopped so abruptly. The boy no longer looked sullen or defiant but there was something . . . something more than just

missing snow and ice. *Can't be anything real wrong*, he thought, noting Dale's clean-cut, sensitive face. *If only he'd talk, maybe we could help him.*

IT WASN'T until after the apple pie and coffee, though, that their visitor revealed his troubled thoughts. William Peake was sure it was Anna's loving that somehow brought forth the explanation. A free outflowing of love was something you couldn't put your finger on, couldn't see or hear, but it was a power, sure enough.

Dale's words came haltingly at first, then more fluently. He held one of Anna's monogrammed silver

A Possibility

When Junior's marks are
pretty bad,
His disappointed Mom and
and Dad

Should never lose forbear-
ance.

The cause, at least in part,
might be

The home assignment aid
that he

Is given by his parents!

—RICHARD WHEELER

teaspoons in his hands and kept his eyes on it, turning it over and over as though it were some rare object. Then he began to speak.

"There's something I have to tell you. I—I don't know just how to say it and I—I probably would not, only . . . well, you've both been so kind to me. It's like being at home. And I don't deserve it. I've been behaving like a—like a spoiled brat. All I could think about was myself and how disappointed I was. I can see now I didn't even try to think about Mom's and Dad's side of the matter and how I must have hurt them. Why, right now, they must be worrying their heads off wondering where I am!" He laid the spoon down and started to push back his chair.

"Wait, Dale!" Anna smiled encouragingly at him. "I'm sure a

few minutes more won't matter. Start at the beginning, won't you? We'll understand. Believe me."

Heather rose from her position on the hearth rug and walked over to stand beside him. Dale put his hand on her and turned his troubled blue eyes gratefully toward Anna. "Well, you see . . . all the time I was down in Panama I'd keep thinking about home—I mean our farm in Minnesota. I'd think of it mostly the way it is in winter—deep, white snow . . . trees sparkling . . . the river frozen . . . going skating. But especially Christmas. When I knew what time I was coming back, I figured I could get there for Christmas. A white Christmas—after two tropical ones that didn't seem like Christmas at all. You have no idea how I counted on it!" He looked at them each in turn as though pleading for belief.

"The more a person thinks about something he wants, the more he wants it," said Anna. "I can see how you felt plain enough." And William Peake nodded to show that he agreed.

"Then—when I disembarked here on the West Coast, all set to take a plane east—my folks met me and told me they'd sold the farm and moved out here for good! They seemed to think it would be a pleasant surprise! Gosh! It was like a punch below the belt."

He was silent a moment or two and William Peake studied the thin brown face and restless hands. He was the kind that would take things hard, he thought.

"I managed to keep back how I felt at first because I was so glad to see Mom and Dad. I'd been mighty lonesome for them, too. But there was somebody else . . ."

"A girl in Minnesota?" suggested William Peake, his eyes twinkling.

"That's right. At least, I hope so. I have to see her to be sure. I got to thinking about her and I'd look out and see the green grass and the flowers—it seemed unnatural, kind of. The more I'd

(Continued on page 28.)

Your parents weren't born back in the Dark Ages. When your father was "courtin' " your mother, he didn't pick her up for dates in a stage-coach. Why don't you have an intellectual chat with the folks sometime? You might find that they aren't so backward after all.

A Little Younger Age Chart

by R. Edward Dowdy



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

This could be your own mom and dad
—not so very many years ago.

Can You Solve This Simple Formula?

$$1954 \text{ minus } X \text{ plus } Y = Z$$

X = Your Parent's Age

Y = Your Present Age

Z will be the calendar year when your parent was your age.

My biggest surprise in high school was the discovery that my parents had been teen-agers too. Did you ever stop to think that only a few years ago your mother and father were experiencing exactly the same problems that you face today?

Solve the formula in the box, and it will give you the year that your mother or father was your exact age. You will be as surprised as I was to discover that my parents had been teen-agers too.

Somewhere between 1920 and 1935 your parents were your age. That isn't a century ago.

Those years when your parents were in their teens were much like this year 1954. I think I can show you that young people haven't changed much. Listen to this clipping and guess when it was written:

"The American's home had greatly changed . . .

He had almost abandoned parental control over his sons and daughters. . . . His automobiles enticed him more to travel . . . his house . . . was more costly and usually far more beautiful than the house where his father had dwelt. The city, too, was more attractive and improved in practically every respect except, sometimes, its government."

Did that have a 1954 date line, or was it written in 1930? Sounds

pretty up to date, doesn't it? Actually, it came from a description of the postwar period, that is, just after 1918.

My favorite high school teacher had been an "ace" in that war. He had shot down five German planes in what we called THE World War. Our fathers who had been drafted to fight were told that it was "the war to end wars." The students regarded this "veteran," who was introducing us to the mysteries of gravity and atoms in a physics lab in 1931, as an old man. He was not a day over 35 and had been in his late teens when my classmates were born.

Try that formula again using your favorite teacher's age. (1954 minus X plus Y equals Z.) Are you surprised to discover that not so long ago your teacher could have been in your gang?

Many others have written helpful articles in magazines like *Compact* or *Seventeen* dealing with the emotional problems you face. The way you feel about your parents, what to do about the little battles over allowances, use of the family

car and "how late can I stay out?" have all been adequately covered. So far as I recall, there has been very little written about another type of teen-age concern. I was your age once, not so long ago, and I have not forgotten that teen-agers have spiritual concerns too.

You are more sensitive now to Christian ideals than you ever will be again. You have stronger convictions than your parents that the United Nations must be made to work effectively. World War III, H-bombs, supersonic planes, and guided missiles concern you more vitally than they do your Congressman in his mid-sixties.

It was a teen-age girl who said to me last summer, "I'd rather not have a job than to lie about my age to get it."

A college football player, not yet old enough for his draft board to be interested in plans for the future, "put me on the spot" when he said,

"I'm looking for a church where the minister practices what he preaches."

Did you ever stop to think that your own parents had similar thoughts and convictions when they were your age. They were crusading for the League of Nations as the hope for world peace. That effort failed because people so quickly forgot—just as we are forgetting now—the awful cost of war. Young people like you know what it costs, young people like you who will so soon be wearing the uniform of our country.

When I was your age, I tried to win a public speaking contest with a talk on "Whither Miss America?" I tried to show that we were heading toward another war

unless something was done to save the League of Nations. The contest was won by a smoothie who talked about "Laugh and the World Laughs With You." I was about ten years too late; the League was dead. One of the judges, a woman of questionable age, tried to comfort me by saying, "Young man, you took your subject much too seriously."

It was because that generation did not take the cause of peace seriously enough that one out of five of my classmates lies buried in Arlington National Cemetery or in unmarked graves on lonely islands around the world.

On April 11, 1924, the Japanese Ambassador protested against a bill before the U. S. Senate to limit further immigration from Japan. He warned that discrimination against his people would be taken

as an insult and that it would be attended by "the gravest consequences." The Senate vote was 76-2. Pearl Harbor was only seventeen years later.

Your world today is definitely related to the world when your parents were teen-agers. Take the newspaper headlines, for example. Divorces, murders, hold-ups, kidnappings, political investigations, and war still make the front page. President Eliot of Harvard died on August 22, 1926. Rudolph Valentino, the movie idol of the 20's, died the next day. The press gave eight times as much space to Valentino as it did to President Eliot, who is still regarded as among the top American educators of all times.

"Do you ever really talk with your parents?" a junior high church school teacher asked her

—Walter Herring.



Aw, come on! Let Pop help you with those tough algebra problems. His high school days aren't far behind.



—Cy La Tour and Son

Mom probably swung a mean tennis racquet "in her day."

class. Every head shook a firm negative answer. "Remember," continued the teacher, "your parents have faced every problem you face and not so long ago. Try talking to them more often."

You may be having your problems with dates and with petting. Remember they are the same problems your mother and dad had too. They read Dorothy Dix for advice to the lovelorn when they were no older than you. They might have written a letter asking help for the very same problem that puzzles you. Whose help do you seek? Perhaps a modern "Dorothy Dix" can help you, but why not try your parents? They can be most sympathetic. Also, your minister, teacher or youth fellowship adviser or counselor would gladly help you with moral and spiritual concerns.

What are you doing about drinking? Mother and Dad faced the same temptation only a few years ago. How did they solve it? Did they go along with the crowd? Is your home today unpleasant because alcohol still leaves a hangover? Many who are parents today learned to drink be-

fore they were old enough to vote. Our hospitals are crowded; Alcoholics Anonymous meetings flourish everywhere, and more money is being spent to make America drunk than ever in our history.

Will this continue? Only you can answer. Are you bringing your Christian convictions to bear on this area of your teen-age experience? I was your age once. Then I said NO to drink. It was smart to drink in high school because it was illegal to buy liquor. Even though it has been legal to

drink all during your life, the chemistry of alcohol has not changed. I can promise you that your life will be happier if you will say NO now and stick by your conviction not to drink.

Your world is not unlike the world your parents knew in their teens. "Hot Rods" aren't new. Most of the same problems continue. You may be surprised to discover that you have a lot in common with your parents. How about really getting acquainted with them?

Christmas Decorations That Cost Nothing

by Louise Price Bell

OUR neighbors on the South use the simplest kind of decorations at Christmas time to make the exteriors of their homes look festive and attractive. Copy their idea, and your decorations will, in fact, be "in the bag" . . . for they are made from paper bags and are called luminarias.

Making luminarias is simple. You'll need as many fifteen-inch brown paper bags as you plan to use, ordinary sand (or lumpless dirt) . . . as many candle stubs as you have bags. The bags should be new, because they are stiff and stand up well. After you have made one or two luminarias, you can decide better how many you want. You may want a row of them up the front walk, or on the porch railing, or along the driveway.

Fold down the tops of the paper bags two inches, then fold down again; this will make a firm, stiff "collar." Fill the bags with four or five inches of sand, poke candle stubs down in the center . . . and your luminarias are ready to be lighted at nightfall. They won't look the least bit attractive, nor exciting, but after dark, when they are lighted, you'll be amazed at the effect. The light, shining through the heavy paper bags has

a soft, rosy glow that belies the ordinary costless materials that went into their making!

If you live in a section where the weather is continually inclement at holiday time, this idea may not be practical. The luminarias aren't hard to move, however; so if a rain or snowstorm did come up after you had them in place, it wouldn't take long to bring them inside until the bad weather had passed.

Even a few of these interesting decorations will add charm to your home and give it a friendly, hospitable look. If your home has posts on either side of the front steps, you might put one on each. Or you might set one on the porch floor on either side of the front door; you'll be surprised how effectively they will light up the wreath or whatever your front-door decoration is. A few of these costless lights, placed at strategic spots, will go far toward making your home one of the most attractively decorated ones in the whole block. Don't forget to tell inquiring folks the origin of the luminarias—we in the United States have no right to claim any of the honors—they go to our friendly neighbors on the South!

A Christmas Eve of Long Ago

by Helen L. Toner



St. Francis of Assisi wanted his people to worship the Christ child just as the shepherds, the Wise Men, and the Magi did on the first Christmas.

MORE than seven hundred years ago there lived a man named Francis of Assisi.

He was one of the most loved and respected men who ever lived, possibly because there was so much love in his heart for every living thing. He showed his love by caring for the sick and the defenseless, by helping people to find a better way of living, by bettering the lot of those who were poor or misunderstood.

At times the people among whom he lived and worked troubled him because they forgot so quickly the lessons of love which he taught them.

One year on the day before

Christmas he was brooding over his people's indifference and lack of kindness when he thought of a plan.

"If only they would remember our Lord," he said to himself, "they could not continue in their indifference. I must devise some way of making Jesus especially real to them on his birthday."

By the time he had turned through the woods, his eyes were glowing with a plan. He went to the house of a wealthy friend named Giovanni and told him of his idea. Giovanni turned over to Francis a large grotto or cave in the rocks near his home. Servants helped Francis to carry arm-

loads of evergreens from the forest and to build a stable within the cave. They covered the floor with straw and brought in a manger from which the animals used to eat. Then Francis had others bring a small, live donkey and some white cattle, leading them in to stand inside the stable.

When the workers had finished, the stable looked very much as the one in Bethlehem so long ago must have looked in preparation for the coming of the holy family.

When evening came, Francis sent his friend's servants to summon the villagers to the grotto. Being fond of their spiritual leader, even though they did not always heed his words, the townspeople left their homes and flocked to the cave in the hills to hear what he had to say.

Entering the lighted place, they heard no preaching or praying. There was instead a hushed silence as the people stood and looked at the manger and the cattle and thought of the Babe of long ago and the angels' message of glad tidings of great joy on the night of the Savior's birth.

Francis watched their faces relax as sullenness, deceit, fear, and hatred slipped out of their hearts in the presence of such a moving reminder of the love of God. As a hymn writer centuries later wrote:

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my
all."

Later that night when the villagers had returned to their homes with a fresh understanding of Christmas, Francis knelt down in the grotto and thanked God for showing him a way to make people feel closer to Him.

On another Christmas—in 1223

(Continued on page 28.)

Foreign Festivals

In Santa Claus

by Evelyn Witter

ANTA has always been very adaptable to traditions, customs, and beliefs. In each country his ways and appearance and even the form he takes may be different, but wherever he is, he always promotes the joy of the Yule season.

In order to understand more about this giver of joy let's look at him from at least eight different viewpoints. He changes as he goes from country to country!

In Holland and Belgium, for instance, he is known as Saint Nicholas. He arrives here from Spain in time for his birthday celebration on December 5. He comes by boat accompanied by a white horse and a servant named Black Peter. He wears a Bishop's headgear and carries a staff much like a shepherd's. Black Peter puts the gifts in the children's shoes while Saint Nicholas listens at the chimney to see if they've been good.

In Switzerland Saint Nicholas changes his name to Father Christmas. He has a jovial face like the Santa we know, and a long, white beard, and a long, fur-trimmed robe. He marches around the village with his wife Lucy, who has long braids, a round cap, a laced bodice, and a silk apron. She gives gifts to the girls, while Father Christmas gives gifts to the boys.

In Czechoslovakia he takes the name of Svaty Mikulas and becomes the patron saint of the chil-

dren. He is supposed to descend from the heavens on a golden cord. He is conducted to earth by a white-clad angel, and he leads an evil spirit, Cert, who is dressed in a black hood.

As soon as the children hear Svaty Mikulas coming, they rush to the table and start saying prayers. If they know their prayers well, the angel is charged

crown and carrying a small Christmas tree.

In Bulgaria Santa arrives on Christmas Day as an ancient winter god and gives gifts to the children who call him affectionately, Grandpa Koleda.

In Denmark he is an elf, Jule-nissen, who brings presents too. He does not have to arrive, because the Danes believe he is always among them. He lives in the attic of almost every house. He is little, old, bent over, and dressed entirely in gray, except for a pointed red nightcap. On Christmas Eve, before dinner, the children take a bowl of rice and milk up to the attic for his pleasure. In the morning the children find he has eaten heartily and has brought gifts.

In Greece he is called St. Basil. Special bread is broken for him. Desiring gifts in return for food, the Greeks leave for St. Basil the remains of their Christmas evening meal.

In some countries such as Poland and Spain Santa turns into the spirit of the Wise Men. For that reason the celebration is delayed until the Twelfth Night, at which time the Wise Men appear with gifts.

In Syria Santa becomes a camel. The youngest camel which accompanied the Wise Men is called the Camel of Jesus. He is the one who gives the presents. Legend says that this camel, exhausted by

(Continued on page 28.)

"Tish" represented Santa Claus to her younger brothers and sisters. Now, her grandchildren wonder where Grandma is on Christmas Eve.

by Enola Chamberlin



—Enola Chamberlin

ENTERING a holly- and light-decorated store in Los Alamos on Christmas Eve, I watched as a big burly, heavy-voiced Santa Claus handed out presents and blessings to the closely crowding children. I waited until the last child had poked in present-opening slowness out into the star-filled night. I saw Santa take off his beard. My rollicking Santa turned out to be my new friend Mrs. Dorothy Tischler.

Later, as we drank milk and ate fruitcake in the house trailer where she lives, "Tish," as she is called, told me she had been Santa Claus to three generations of children, and that, God willing, she would be Santa to the fourth.

She first represented Santa to her three younger brothers and sisters when her father had died leaving no son large enough to take over his role on Christmas Eve. Her own children and their playmates hailed Santa, not knowing it was she, for many years. She is still Santa to her grandchildren who wonder where Grandma is on Christmas Eve; why can't she see Santa too?

All letters posted in Los Alamos addressed to Santa are put into Mrs. Tischler's box. She answers every one. On Christmas Eve she calls at every house from which children have written her. All this she does on her own, without charge, without payment ex-

cept the sight of happy faces when she hands out bags of candy and simple toys.

Only once during her long role as Santa has Mrs. Tischler asked money for her services. The depression days continued into the Christmas season. Her small children faced a bleak holiday. Stores refused to hire Santas who did not have their own costumes. Mrs. Tischler still had the one which belonged to her father. Full of plans for her children's Christmas, she applied at a large store in Cleveland, Ohio, for a job.

A woman Santa! Who ever heard of such a thing! The manager, turning her away, advised her to rent her costume to a man. Tish dragged herself part way home. An idea hit her. She raced the rest of the way. Hurrying for fear the job might be taken, she made herself detail-perfect in her Santa costume. With her heart in her mouth, she swaggered back to the store. In a gruff, choking voice, she asked for the job. The same man who had turned her away hired her, not knowing who she was. Her children always say there was a "really truly" Santa Claus for them that year.

Christmas swoops upon Mrs. Tischler like a windstorm. The letters start arriving early in December. From then on she knows no rest until Christmas night comes down softly like the last

page in a wondrous book. Someone once said to her that she must be glad when it was all over. She closed her kind eyes for a moment, reliving many Christmases behind them.

"No," she said, "I am not glad when Christmas is over; I am sorry. When I am at my tireddest, all I have to do is call to mind a children's hospital, and God gives me energy to go on and on. I have been called to hospitals early in December to take presents to children who could not live until Christmas. The light in those young-old eyes at the sight of me brings a joy to my heart which makes me wish Christmas came every month instead of once a year. In fact, if it were possible, I would repeat those moments every day. Since I cannot, I thank God for the privilege of bringing those children joy when I can, and I count the days until Christmas comes again."

I went away from that trailer knowing I had seen the spirit of Christmas in action. I was humbled at just having left the presence of a big and beautiful soul. I was ashamed that I had done so little when I might have done so

(Continued on page 28.)



Making Music

by Doris Clore Demaree

1

I don't want to play!

I don't want to cry!

I won't even smile—

Not I! Not I!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERTA NEWTON

2

What's that that I hear—

Those sounds that you make?

I'd like to try—

"Me take! Me take!"





3

These sticks fit my hands.

Now how did you do?

I want to make sounds—

I do! I do!

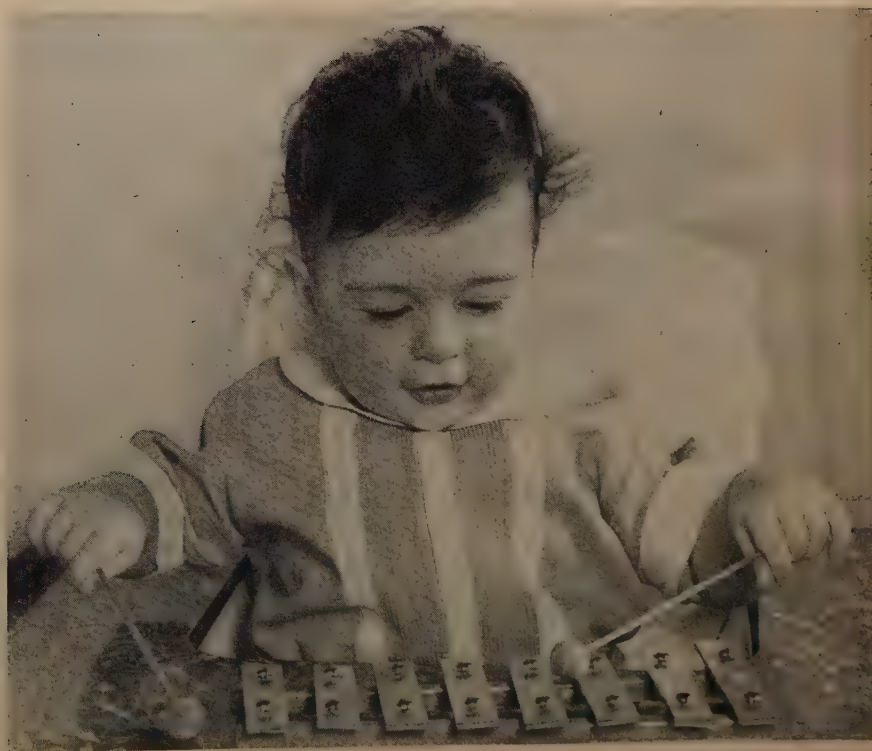
4

Just listen to me!

I know how it's done!

Tra-la! Tra-la-la!

It's fun! It's fun!



Worship in the Family With Children

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

A Bible Verse

He was called Jesus.—*Luke 2: 21.*

Dear God, we are glad for happy times at Christmas. We are glad that Christmas is Jesus' birthday. Help us to find ways to show our love for others at Christmas. Amen.

A Christmas Scene

You probably will want to have a crèche either on the worship center in your home or on some other table. You may make your own out of heavy paper or cardboard, similar to the one shown below, if you do not have figures for the scene.

Theme for December: WE GIVE
THANKS AT CHRISTMAS

To Use with Younger Children

A Christmas Story

Everyone was busy at the Thompson house. Father had brought home some Christmas greens; Mother had gotten out the Christmas candles and tree decorations; Bobby and Jean had made some new decorations from foil and bright-colored paper.

"I want to put up the Christmas scene," said Bobby. "I am big enough to do it all by myself."

"I want to put up the Christmas scene," echoed Jean, his younger sister.

Mother said quietly, "Yes, Bobby, you are big enough to put up the Christmas scene all by yourself, but it takes even a bigger person to work with others and let them share your pleasures. I am sure you are big enough to feel joy in sharing the arranging of the crèche. I have an idea. We

could all help in setting up the crèche and, as we place the figures, we can each have a part in telling the Christmas story."

"That's a good idea," agreed Bobby.

"Yes, that's good," echoed Jean.

After the rest of the decorations were up, the Thompsons gathered around the piano and sang some Christmas carols. Then someone suggested it was time to start arranging the crèche.

Father put up the stable and set behind it the standing folder which Bobby and Jean had colored a deep blue. On it they had pasted a shining star. He said it was a very bright night on that first Christmas, long, long ago.

"I'm glad for Christmas," said Bobby.

Baby Jesus

Caroline and Kathleen Noble

Lit- tle Ba- by Gent- ly Sleep- ing on the hay

Lit- tle Ba- by Born to Us on Christ- mas Day

When Baby Jesus, long ago,
Was lying on the hay,
His mother loved him, this I know,
In every mother way.

I know she stroked his shining hair;
She looked into his eyes,
And as she gave him gentle care,
She sang sweet lullabies.

—*Florence Pedigo Jansson*

the story of Jesus' birthday
beautiful carols
glowing candles
bright-colored lights
greeting cards
gifts for friends
lighted trees
happy times
gay shop windows

To Use with Older Children

Christmas is probably the happiest time of the year. It is a time for showing love to one another. It is a time for enjoying beauty and feeling joy. It is a time for giving thanks.

You and your family will soon be, if you are not already, making plans for decorating your home with Christmas greens, candles, and other beautiful and festive decorations.

You will want to make your worship center especially attractive. Perhaps you will want a candle, some evergreens, and the open Bible. Perhaps you will want to cut some snowflakes from paper to put on a cloth hanging in back of the worship table. Perhaps you want to use a picture of the Nativity or one of the arrival of the shepherds, similar to the one on the opposite page.

It may be that you want to arrange the crèche on this table. The one in the picture below is made of cardboard. Some people use doll-like figures which they have bought. Some people would rather make their own. If you look on the page before this one, you will see a sketch of a Christmas scene which can be made very easily out of heavy paper or cardboard.

Do you know the song, "The Friendly Beasts"? If you do, you and some of the other members of your family might like to sing it as you arrange the

figures of the animals in the Christmas scene.

You might like to let each member of the family tell a part of the Christmas story as each figure is placed in the crèche. Read the story on the page before this one and see how this may be done.

Whatever you do, you will want to have something in your home which will remind you that Christmas is Jesus' birthday and is a time to thank God for the gift of his Son.

He loved us and sent his Son.—1 John 4:10.

In another land and time,
Long ago and far away,
Jesus Christ our Lord was born
On the first glad Christmas day.

Gracious words of truth and love
They who met Him heard Him say:
All the careworn world was blessed
From that first glad Christmas day.





The Arrival of the Shepherds

Christmas Worship Service

Call to Worship: "Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace among men with
whom he is pleased!"

—Luke 2:14.

Song: "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel" (or some favorite carol of the family)

Scripture: *Luke 2:8-20*. Read by Father, Grandmother or some older member of the family.

Arranging of Crèche: The song "The Friendly Beasts" might be used for part of this, as suggested on page 19.

Song: "What Can I Give Him?" Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Fall Quarter, page 41 (or some other favorite Christmas song)

Poem: "In Another Land and Time" on the opposite page (or some other appropriate poem)

Song: "Away in a Manger," sung as a solo by one of the younger members of the family.

Prayer: God, our Father, we are glad for Christmas. We are glad for the happy times we have together with our family and with our friends. We love to sing the beautiful carols and to hear the other lovely Christmas music. We are thankful for the joy that we have in our hearts that makes us want to bring happiness to others in giving gifts. We thank you for all your good gifts to us but especially for your gift of Jesus. We are glad for his birthday. Help us to honor him in all we do and say at this Christmas time. Amen.

Song: "Silent Night"

Arrival of the Shepherds

Many artists in many lands have painted the Christmas scene as they thought it might have been.

Dobson's *The Arrival of the Shepherds* is the picture at the top of this page.

Look at Mary. How calm and peaceful she looks. She must have been very happy when she looked at her newborn baby, Jesus.

See how Joseph is standing beside the mother and baby? He looks very quiet and still, as though he expects to take good care of his wife and the Child.

Now look at the shepherds. One is kneeling. The one in back of him seems to be talking. Do you think perhaps he is telling Mary and Joseph what happened out on the hillside where they were tending their sheep and how they knew to come to the stable?

Do you see the two children over in the left-hand side of the picture? Do you suppose they followed the shepherds? We do not know what the artist had in mind, but we like the way the two children have their arms around each other. It shows that they felt loving toward each other as they admired the baby Jesus.

Most important of all, the artist has painted the picture in such a way that we feel sure each figure in it is saying "thank you" to God for the wonderful gift of the baby Jesus. Each time we look at it, we will remember to say "thank you," too!

God so loved the world that he gave his only Son.

—John 3:16



Dedan threw down fresh straw for each animal.

The Stable Boy of Bethlehem

by Jean Wyatt

DAWN had just broken through the sky, when the little town of Bethlehem in Palestine stretched itself awake.

In a small stone house Dedan blinked and stirred on the hard floor of earth under his straw sleeping mat. Beside him slept baby brother Ahbuud.

Already their widowed mother had opened the door curtain of the one-room dwelling and had left for the wealthy household of Reuben where she worked as serving woman to Reuben's wife.

For a moment Dedan sighed, listening to the early morning sounds of a new day. The gentle cooing of doves . . . the soft chat-

ter of women on the way to the well to draw water.

There had been happier days when his father had been alive, and he, Dedan, had helped tend their flock of fat-tailed sheep on the hillside, where the gay colors of yellow crocuses and blue hyacinths ran up and down like a song.

Now he had other work to do . . . caring for Ahbuud and keeping the house while their mother was away. When she returned from her labor at the day's end, Dedan left for the stable belonging to the innkeeper. This he swept clean, making the donkey's crib neat and the ox stall tidy, feeding

Story for Children

and watering the creatures whose masters lodged overnight at the inn.

It was no great task, but there were not many things for a ten-year-old boy to do, and the few coins Dedan earned kept his mother's lamp filled with oil. Dedan knew he must share the burden of living.

Perhaps if his mother returned early, he could hasten with the stable chore and spend a few minutes of his own at the well, which was an important gathering place.

Weary shepherds at evening watered their flock there. Often they told exciting tales about wild animals, and travelers recounted stories of robber bands on the highway! Sometimes a rich merchant from a distant land was glad to give a piece of silver for directions to the inn or to have his camels watered at the shallow trough, worn in the gray stone curbing.

Now with the road to Bethlehem filled with people coming in for the taxing, a lad could feast his ears and also manage to earn an extra coin. But there would be need to attend the well after a while.

Dedan kindled a fire in the outdoor oven and slapped thin barley cakes kneaded by his mother onto the hot rocks. The smell of the flat bread cooking must have tickled little Ahbuud's nostrils, for at that moment the baby awakened, calling in words all his own.

Soon breakfast was ready. A treat of goat's milk washed down the simple meal.

Dedan put his young brother in the tiny patch of courtyard which was only a small place by the side of the house, marked off with loose stones gathered in the fields.

Dedan kept busy throughout the sunny hours. He rolled up the sleeping mats and leaned them against the wall. He trimmed the

woolen thread wick of the lamp and filled its saucer with oil. He fetched water in an earthen jug from the well.

Last of all he brought out a little grinder from the house, poured a stream of millet seed into the lower-shaped millstone, and with a half turn with his wrist of the upper stone, he ground the grain into meal between the two stones.

Ahbuud played a short distance away, his baby steps wibble-wabbling over the rough ground as he pulled a tiny clay animal on a string made from the leaf of a palm tree.

"How swiftly runs the afternoon," Dedan thought. Aloud he called, "Our mother will soon be home, little one!"

Even now, perhaps, her welcome figure might be seen as a speck far off. But when the glow of sunset tinged Dedan's dark hair, and evening shadows stretched out, his usual happy face worried into a frown.

Sometimes such a day happened when his mother was kept busier than usual in Reuben's household. There would be no minutes to spare for himself at the well, but Dedan suddenly squinted an eye and snapped his fingers.

He would go to the well first!

"The beasts in the stable will not mind my lateness," he decided.

Dedan lit the lamp and closed the door curtain of the stone house. With Ahbuud he settled into waiting for their mother's return.

The baby was swift to hear the sound of soft footsteps, and Dedan smiled and said, "Our mother comes!"

A pleasant-faced woman entered the dwelling, and the children's faces grew bright as though a lamp had been lighted behind their eyes.

After a meal of millet cakes and goat's cheese, Dedan set out in the twilight. His brows winged together, and his brown feet loosened the deep dust.

"I suppose it would take small effort to stop by the stable and fill the manger with hay for the patient beasts," he told himself.

He hurried on airy footsteps. As he drew close to the courtyard

of the inn, the voice of the innkeeper could be heard.

"Not another guest! There is not even a small corner empty. If other travelers come for a night's lodging, we must turn them away."

"Where shall the poor folks sleep?" Dedan wondered.

He began sweeping out the stable. He threw down fresh straw for each animal. Back and forth Dedan went, spreading the manger with soft hay. Often and deeply he sighed.

"We are all good at something, and I am good at being a stable boy," he told his small audience of animals.

He patted this little donkey's head and smoothed that one's side. He rubbed the knobby backs of the oxen.

"Good night, my friends, until tomorrow," Dedan called cheerfully, as he went out into the deep blue night.

The hour was late, and now he must return home.

A woman with a small donkey by her side moved slowly toward the stable. Now a man hurried

from the door of the inn and caught up with her.

"There is no room left, Mary," he spoke gently. "The innkeeper has given us permission to rest in his stable."

Dedan's eyebrows went up in little half-moons and then settled over the astonishment in his eyes.

"What? Use the stable for sleeping?" he asked himself. "It is fit only for the lowly creatures, the oxen and the donkeys."

But wait! Had he not laid fresh straw? Was not the hay in the manger sweet-smelling? Had not each animal been fed and watered so that one could sleep with quietness?

Dedan smiled with satisfaction.

"The Lord be with you," he greeted both strangers politely, as his mother had taught him to say.

"The Lord bless you," returned the couple, as was the custom.

Then Dedan continued on his way, humming a tune. It was a beautiful night with the tent of dark sky looking like the inside of his tunic pocket except for one brilliant star that hung over the stable.



"Who gave you the idea that I wanted an encyclopedia set last Christmas?"

Does Brotherhood **REALLY** Begin at Home?

By ALBERTA LUNGER

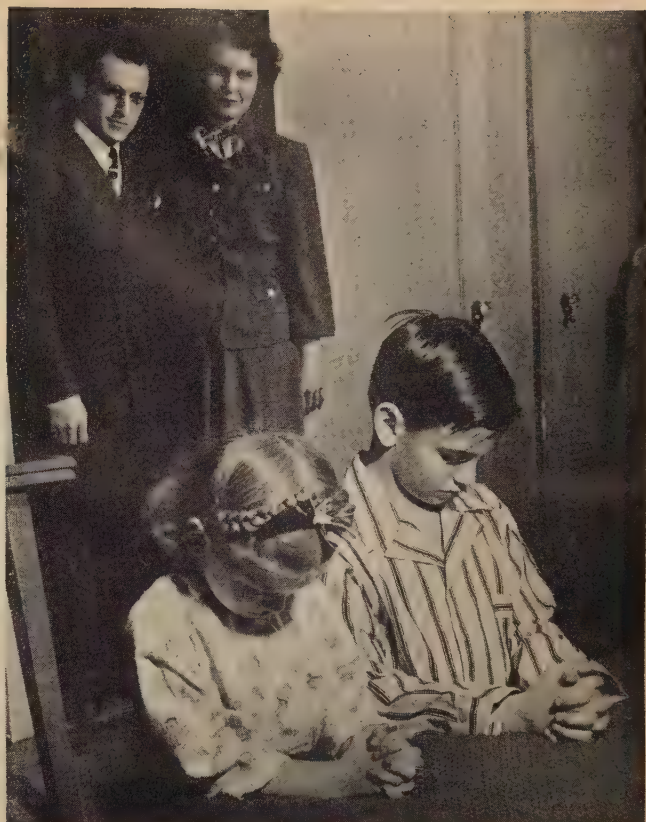
Examine your own home to see if the seeds of brotherhood are sown there.

A YOUNG girl walked into an employment office the other day to apply for a job as Comptometer operator. The woman at the desk said, "You will make more money in a defense industry." The girl replied unhesitatingly, "I am not interested in making money. I want to help people, *all* people, since my church and my home have taught me that all people are alike whether they are German, Italian, Japanese, English, or American." The woman was amazed. "You are the first person in all the hundreds who have been here who is not primarily interested in money. I'll be glad to help you. I'll give you my name, which you will note is Italian. I did not know the church taught that all people were alike," she said with tears in her eyes.

Many people do not know that the church teaches that all people are alike, as did this young girl seeking a job.

Brotherhood begins at home, *if* and *when* you and I let it begin there! For brotherhood begins with you and me now, where we are, as we live it with our lives.

Brotherhood cannot live without the family. It began as a concept within a family frame, and words derived from the family relationship are all necessary to describe it. The very thought of brotherhood is vitally connected with the family unit. Surely, brotherhood does begin at home!



—RNS

Brotherhood cannot live without the family.

This season of the year is a time when every Christian parent is vividly aware of the influences for good or ill wrapped up in the home. "Peace on earth, good will to men" begins in the minds of men and women, boys and girls growing together. Within the intimate relationships of the family group one learns to trust or to distrust, to love or to fear others.

THE CONCEPT OF BROTHERHOOD

Brotherhood did not begin with the birth of Jesus, but its greatest impetus came from his life and teachings.

The Old Testament gives a record of the unique relationship of Jehovah to the infant Hebrew nation. Jehovah was their exclusive God. They were his chosen people. All who belonged within the nation were blood brothers to every other member. If one member of the nation sinned, Israel had sinned and must be punished. The idea of "all for each, and each for all" can be seen in this primitive, tribal concept.

The prophets expanded this concept to include other nations in the area of God's concern. Isaiah was one of the foremost leaders to lift the thought of an exclusive, tribal God to that of a God who included all nations in his love.

"Turn to me and be saved, all the ends of the earth!

For I am God, and there is no other . . .

To me every knee shall bow."—

Isaiah 45:22-23

In the *Book of Jonah* the concept is broadened to include enemies. He tells a moving story of a selfish, narrow-minded preacher who disobeyed God's command to share his unlimited love with others—even to Jonah's enemies in Nineveh. The point of the story is that God is the God of all mankind, loving all people regardless of nationality.

Brotherhood came to a fuller growth with Jesus. "You are all brethren . . . you have one Father, who is in heaven" (*Matthew 23:9*), he declared.

It was important to him how people treated one another. In fact, the inheritance of God's kingdom was only for those whose relationships with others were on a brotherly basis:

"As you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."—*Matthew 25:40*.

Jesus lifted brotherhood above blood or family ties to spiritual relationships. When he was informed that his brothers and mother had come to see him, he took that opportunity to stress these spiritual ties of brotherhood. "Who are my brothers?" he asked. Stretching forth his hand toward his disciples, Jew and Gentile alike, said, "here are my . . . brothers" (*Matt. 12:48, 49*).

Brotherhood is a form of relatedness to other people—relatedness that includes rather than excludes others in one's circle of belongingness. All people are kin-folk. We discover, when we trace the family tree back to its beginnings in human life, that each one has the same ancestors. Ashley Montagu says, "All belong to the same species and have the same remote ancestry." (*Man's Most Dangerous Myth: The Fallacy of Race*)

Because all children are the children of God, each has a spark of divinity within, linking mankind spiritually to one another and to God. "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the Continent. . . . I am involved in mankind," wrote the English poet-clergyman, John Donne, in the early seventeenth century.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HOME

The home gives the child his first attitudes toward others. If the child is accepted and wanted, he willingly accepts and appreciates others. Children learn to love by being loved. They learn to include others by being included. They become brotherly by growing within the family until they possess an abundance of emotional health, confident poise, and overflowing tenderness toward others. One does not love out of emptiness but out of fulness. The

rejected or unloved child has nothing to share. He can only seek hungrily for love from another.

Children absorb indirectly so much of their learning in this area, through the facial expression or the tone of voice of the parent. The feelings, attitudes, and emotional acceptance of others are caught, more than consciously



—RNS

These two small girls playing happily together prove that prejudices are not born—they are made through the influence of others.

taught. In the same way, strong feelings of repugnance for a group or individual can be imbedded in our subconscious without our knowing how they occurred.

Mrs. Clarence Hamilton tells of a family which lived near a school where children of several racial backgrounds attended. They came and went through the house at all hours of the day, but one day the daughter came home to get some properties for a high school play. A Negro youth had brought her in his car. As she was returning with her hands full of many things, he took her arm to help her in. The mother saw them through the open doorway, and suddenly for no reason she could understand, a feeling of violent resentment against the youth possessed her. She sat down immediately in confusion and concern to try to figure it out. She knew and liked the boy. The children had always been friends with Negro children in the school. Why then, did she have this unpleasant feeling? In the quiet of the moment she recalled something she had heard her father say when she was very small—before she had started to

school. He had shouted angrily, "If I ever see any d—— nigger lay a hand on one of my girls. . . ."

There it was! She could not remember what had caused her father to say such a thing. She recalled, however, that she had been terribly frightened at the time by the loud, menacing tone of his voice, for her father was

habitually gentle and kind. She had run crying into her bedroom and had been afraid to look at him at suppertime.

Having discovered what had caused her emotional reaction, she was no longer troubled by it. She continued to permit her children's friendships to grow naturally. When her daughter was married a few years later, one of the bridesmaids was a beautiful Negro girl.¹

Sometimes brotherhood really begins in the home through the parents' examination of their subconscious prejudices, as did this wise mother. She stopped an evil. She faced it immediately upon discovery of it within herself. She did not permit it to infect a third generation. By quiet seeking for this unbrotherly reaction and holding it up for inspection, she was no longer afraid of it. Here, in this interior battle within her heart, is seen the real drama and destiny of nations.

The extension of our children's relationships sometimes requires our own disciplined living, more than the discipline of our children.

¹*Our Children and God*, by Mrs. Clarence Hamilton, pp. 115, 116.

What we are speaks louder than our words. What we truly believe about other people is the contagious germ that brings good or evil, no matter what we say.

TRUTHS THAT SPEAK THROUGH
OUR LIVES

Does this not reveal a truth for us as parents? We must be integrated in belief and action on this important subject of brotherhood, if the home is really to teach it in a positive manner. Our means and ends must agree. This integration or wholeness comes from a deep, religious center.

Without such a center our lives run at cross purposes. They become stunted and unhealthy. The Overstreets tell us that a human being cannot be healthy on the inside and unhealthy in his relationships. Jesus spoke of it as the fruit of a tree. "A sound tree cannot bear evil fruit nor can a bad tree bear good fruit" (*Matt. 7:18*). Neither can a home that is unbrotherly send forth brotherly boys and girls into the world.

Psychologists, in their study of people, have discovered that those who are brotherly have come from homes where children were given much security and love. They were included as personalities of importance in the family relationships. They have an abundance of good will. Because they feel included, rather than excluded by their parents, they can spontaneously share their good will with others. It does not come as a labored effort. It will include even those who are excluding others.

I remember the story of a young boy whose family garbage can was continually being dumped over. A neighbor boy, who needed love and attention, was taking this negative way of finding it. After it had happened a number of times, the people who owned the garbage can, urged their son to do something about the situation. They were people of good will, but their patience was limited.

"Go, show him he can't get away with it. Let him have it," the father counseled in exasperation.

The son answered, "But Dad,

that won't fix anything! He needs a friend!" So, instead, the boy went out, and somehow enlisted the other's help in picking up the garbage. He got him to see the wasted effort involved, and finally won his friendship.

This son had such a wealth of emotional abundance within himself, that he did not fear the consequences of sharing it with others. He was willing to risk defeat by an untried way, rather than to continue to be frustrated in the old ways. He understood the child's real need. He could see beyond his parents' limits and venture into an untried path.

Psychologists also tell us that the emotionally healthy person is better equipped to risk this first affirmative move toward another

Perk up old Christmas ribbons
by dipping them in a
solution of sugar and water.

who may be showing ill will toward him. This all adds up to the fact that we, as parents within the Christian faith, should be the ones who are willing to take the initiative in this great work of reconciliation and brotherhood.

We, who are the recipients of God's great love and poured-out tenderness, have received so much of love and good will. We are the ones who have an emotional abundance, this poured-out gift—eternally available for the accepting. It is not something we have to earn with merit piled on merit but as Jesus said, "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap" (*Luke 6:38*). Therefore, we can afford to make the first move.

Segregation is being abolished throughout our nation, in our theaters, our eating places, our stores, our sporting events, and now in our school systems. The church is the last major stronghold of segregation. To us, who are

deeply concerned for the establishment of brotherhood around the world, is offered the great opportunity and responsibility for eliminating segregation from our churches.

What are the children in our homes learning about this opportunity and challenge? Will future generations know that the church does teach that all people are alike? That they are all of equal importance in the eyes of God?

A Christmas Story

by Melba Baehr

Christmas, as we know, is a universal celebration. Hidden in each of the sentences below is the name of a country. Can you find the country in each sentence?

- 1. Can a date of more significance be found than that of the birth of Christ?
- 2. This we demonstrate to be the best of all Christmas stories.
- 3. There are other Christmas stories, but alas, kaleidoscopic as they are, they cannot equal the one in the Bible.
- 4. The Christmas story in the Bible says, "And there appeared unto the shepherds in the field a multitude of the heavenly host, singing in diapason, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"
- 5. "The child Jesus I am going to see this night," said one shepherd.
- 6. They ended their search in a manger.

Answers

- | | |
|----------|-----------|
| 6. China | 3. Alaska |
| 5. Siam | 2. Sweden |
| 4. India | 1. Canada |

Study Guide

Leader's Preparation:

1. Life is too short to waste. Make every moment count for God. Let him prepare your heart and mind before you attempt to lead others. In quietness look to him for guidance and strength to do your task. The great "love" passage of Paul (1 Cor. 13), or the parable Jesus told (Luke 10:25-37) will help you.

From the Philippine Islands comes a prayer that enlarges our relationships and stimulates our imaginations.

"Lord, make us realize that our Christianity is like a rice field; that when it is newly planted, the paddies are prominent; but as the plants take root and grow taller, these dividing paddies gradually vanish, and soon there appears only one vast continuous field.

"So give us roots of love and make us grow in Christian fellowship and service, so that Thy will be done in our lives, through our Savior, Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen." (*From The World at One in Prayer*, edited by Daniel J. Fleming, 1942, Harpers)

2. Perhaps you will have more participation in discussion if you break up the article and book reviews into sections. Ask for husband-and-wife teams to make the reports. Three couples might report on the three parts of the article, "Does Brotherhood Really Begin at Home?" Three couples might be prepared to report on one chapter from three of the books suggested. An important chapter in *The Mind Alive* is "The Indispensable Emotion." The last two chapters in both *Our Children and God* and in *Doorway to a Happy Home* are very valuable for this subject.

3. Plan to have enough time for a buzz session, following the presentation of the article and perhaps some of the chapter reviews. Buzz sessions are very small discussion groups. The group is divided into several small groups with five or six people involved in each. They are asked to "buzz" about the thought presented for five to eight minutes. Then, one person from each small group, gives in a sentence or two the gist of their "buzzing." The leader may then lift up from these sharings, a point or two for special mention, perhaps writing them on the blackboard, so that the eye can absorb as well as the ear.

Some possible "buzz" thoughts are

1. What are we doing for brotherhood?

2. "The church is the last major stronghold of segregation." Is that true? What implications does that have for us?

3. "One does not love out of an emptiness but out of fullness."

Does this ring true in your experience?

4. Perhaps you prefer to lead a familiar discussion period. Would the following questions be possible "sparks" for kindling thought?

1) What positive brotherhood teaching was given you in your home? What negative teaching? Has it continued in your home?

2) Can you share with the group what you know of another parent's good teaching in this area?

As a "starter" you as the leader might tell of the parent on a streetcar who was willing to take her child on her lap so that a Negro woman could sit down. She even turned the child's muddy shoes toward the window so that they would not soil the woman's dress. The mother made appropriate comments so that her child would learn to have respect for people of other races.

You could also tell of the father and son, waiting at a counter. When the clerk finally turned to them, the father asked that the Negro child, who was obviously being overlooked by the clerk, be waited upon first.

In the June 11, 1954, *The Secret Place* reading, K. A. Roadarmel tells of his small son, Paul, coming in with tears in his eyes. "He had been playing at a neighbor's, and the boy there had been pushing him around. . . I said to him, 'Paul, why don't you take your own part? You are big enough. . . .' Paul replied through his tears, 'But Dad, I don't want him for an enemy; I want him for a friend.'"

5. Many of our churches now have visual aid equipment. If your church does not have any, perhaps it could be borrowed from the Council of Churches or from a public school. The following have possibilities for use with the subject of "Brotherhood":

FILMSTRIPS WITH READING SCRIPT:

"We Are All Brothers" \$1.00 cost. 60 pictures—clever cartoons and photographs of scientific facts to go with the study "Races of Mankind."

"Each With His Own Brush" rental \$3.00. 18 min. Color. A worship service based on pictures from Dr. David J. Fleming's book of this title, showing how Christians have interpreted the gospel story in terms of their own life and art, the world around.

16 MM. SOUND FILMS:

"We Hold These Truths" 28 min. Color, Rental, \$12.00; black and white \$8.00. This tells of a Negro soldier about to embark for Korea who is shocked to discover rigid segregation within the sight of the nation's capitol. He discovers in New York City the vital way two former G. I.'s are bringing a Christian ministry to the needs of the people in Harlem.

"Who Is My Neighbor?" 30 min. Rental \$8.00. This is an excellent all-talking Cathedral film dramatizing Jesus' Parable of the Good Samaritan.

6. The following books and pamphlets may be suggestive for further study or for reports in your meeting:

Public Affairs Pamphlet #85 "The Races of Mankind"

Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, *The Mind Alive*, W. W. Norton and Co.

Charles F. Schwab, *The Quest for Christian Brotherhood*, A Bethany Course in Christian Living, 60¢. Order from Christian Board of Publication.

The following books might be valuable to have in the home as resource books for the encouragement of the

growth of Christian brotherhood:

D. J. Fleming, *The World at One in Prayer*, Harper Bro.

Florence Mary Fitch, *One God*, Lathrop, Lee, and Shepard, N. Y.

Edith Lovell Thomas, *The Whole World Singing*, Friendship Press

Pearl V. Melselth, *New World Wide Cook Book*, Julian Messner, N. Y.

7. Some groups have found it helpful to close with a worship service rather than to begin with it. There might be several moments of silence, with guided prayer, spontaneously arising out of the evening's discussion. The Scripture and prayer you have found helpful, might be used, too.

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

(Solution on page 28.)

A Moses' flock -----	110 122 16 123 29
B Land of the rich Queen who came to see Solomon -----	13 103 45 111 59
C Kind of chair for a sick person -----	20 70 109 28 125
D Garden where Adam and Eve lived -----	56 89 37 119
E What relation Mary was to Jesus -----	17 4 78 3 39 42
F Light bed covering -----	121 21 71 84 108
G One of the Dakotas -----	51 81 30 93 58
H A spook -----	24 55 86 116 14
I Where the tape line is in a race -----	40 12 63 48 60 7
J To call in a loud voice -----	49 117 25 101 61
K One end of a needle -----	47 22 107 65 35

L A high church official -----	91 64 90 15 31 9
M Shy or timid -----	1 8 46 77 68 87 5
N Glad -----	36 124 10 102 79
O Weighty, not light -----	114 50 18 32 11
P Indian leader -----	57 94 97 43 80
Q Things found in a dictionary -----	85 52 27 6 105
R Opening in a fence -----	66 118 69 104
S Turn end over end -----	53 112 74 96 73 2
T Subdued, or made gentle -----	113 72 23 95 26
U Place to plant seeds -----	76 38 67 92 19 44
V To check or block -----	83 115 88 99 62 82
W A little bit damp -----	106 41 75 34 54
X To start something off, as a letter -----	100 33 98 120

Legend of the Poinsettia

(Continued from page 4.)

and told her to pick a bouquet of green weed, which grew plentifully along the dusty road. "Place it before the crèche," the angel said, "Jesus reads the heart, and he will be content."

A little bewildered, Maria did as she was told. On tiptoes she brought her bouquet of weeds to the crèche and placed it among the other offerings. Then she stepped back.

As she stood there with her head bowed in prayer, the weeds were suddenly covered with lovely red bracts, far outshining any of the roses and lilies already there. The weed Maria had picked became the Christmas flower—the poinsettia.

Legend of the Marigold

(Continued from page 4.)

Picking a bunch of marigolds the little boy started out for the stable where he shyly held his bouquet out to Mary. The good Virgin, realizing that the little boy wanted to give something to the child and that this was all he had to offer, smiled sweetly and thanked him for his thoughtfulness.

As the boy stood there with his head bowed, she promised that his gift would be remembered for all time and that his flowers would be sacred to her. To this day the humble pot-herb picked by the shepherd boy, is known as marigold—Mary's gold.

Green Christmas

(Continued from page 9.)

think, the more I felt cheated. This morning I couldn't hold in any longer. Maybe it was the rain. I don't know. Anyway, I said things . . . " He paused and his mouth twitched a little. "I put on my hat and coat and slammed the door behind me and walked and walked in the rain—till I came to your cafe with the frost on the windows."

"You couldn't have come to a better man than William," said Anna with a proud glance at her husband. "I'm so glad he brought you home with him."

Dale ruffled Heather's ears gently. "It was just what I needed," he said. "Not the snow and cold—though that sure looked good to me. But then, I began to feel guilty and ashamed of myself—ashamed that I'd spoken that way to Mom and Dad. I began to realize that the climate—or even having to wait a little to see Peggy—wasn't that important. Not important enough to make me hurt my father and mother."

"Let's have another cup of coffee," said Anna briskly; and William Peake knew she was having trouble keeping the tears back. She filled their cups. "Now, Dale—first I want you to know that you have given us much pleasure by being our guest. It's done us both good

to have you here. Sometimes we get a little lonely."

"Oh—thank you."

"Then—don't brood any more. It was too bad you hurt your father and mother but I think they'll understand. Everybody has had disappointments and sometimes they're pretty hard to take. I remember once—" She laughed. "What does it matter what I remember? What does matter is that now you know Christmas is Christmas—white or green. It's in the heart."

Dale's blue eyes softened as he looked at her. He drew a deep breath and straightened up. "I sure do, Mrs. Peake, and I'm not going to forget. I've been doing a lot of thinking the last hour or so and I guess I understand now why Dad and Mom like it so much here. They're not so young any more. The cold winters are hard on them. Me—I love 'em! But maybe someday . . . Anyway, I'll be there next Christmas. I hope. But this year—well, if there's any way I can get back to town tonight—"

"Sure there is!" broke in William Peake. "Cars going down often. Any of 'em'll be glad to take you."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Christmas Eve of Long Ago

(Continued from page 13.)

—he hired wood carvers to make painted figures of Mary and Joseph, and the Babe, and of the shepherds and the Magi. There was a wooden donkey, too, and an ox—and a small manger made by a carpenter friend. These he carried into the church and lighted the scene with candles.

Until Francis' time, Christmas was merely a special service during the church year, but he changed it into a festival of love and into a blessed reminder that God so loved the world that he sent his Son.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"Behold, happy is the man whom God reproves; therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty. For he wounds, but he binds up; he smites, but his hands heal." (Job 5:17-18)

The Words

A Sheep
B Sheba
C Wheel
D Eden
E Mother
F Sheet
G North
H Ghost
I Finish
J Shout
K Point
L Bishop

M Bashful
N Happy
O Heavy
P Chief
Q Words
R Gate
S Tumble
T Tamed
U Ground
V Hinder
W Moist
X Send

"Good! I'll snag a ride!" Dale stood up. He took Anna Peake's hand and then bent and impulsively kissed her cheek. Then he shook hands with Mr. Peake. "Thank you," he said fervently. "Thank you both for everything. I'll never forget. And I'm coming back—maybe tomorrow—and bring Dad and Mom and my kid sister. I want you to know one another." He started toward the door, then turned. "Oh, my clothes! I forgot about changing them."

"I'm afraid they're still damp, Dale. Your coat, too. Here—" Anna Peake opened the door of a closet in the hall and took out a leather jacket. "Put this on! You can return them when you bring your folks to see us."

"Thanks a lot! I'll do that. Merry Christmas! Just another hour."

"Merry Christmas, Dale, and God bless you!"

William Peake, his arm around his wife's shoulders, saw a car, city-bound, stop for Dale. "I knew all I had to do was to bring him to you, Anna. You'd love him out of his trouble."

"It could have been Bill," said Anna softly.

Grandma Santa

(Continued from page 15.)

much. I was sad at what I had been missing by not having given of my time and love more fully.

I made a vow. Next Christmas it would be different. I couldn't be a Santa Claus—they don't come in 100-pound packages—but I could furnish stamps and presents for Grandma Santa. I could do something for her while she was Santa Claus for me. And when the gladness swept a child's face, I could know that I had helped to make it possible.

Foreign Fashions in Santa Claus

(Continued from page 14.)

the journey, lay moaning until Christ blessed it with immortality. For this reason the children set out water and wheat. The Camel loves all good children and gives them presents to show his love.

Whatever form of fancy, fashion, and legend Santa takes in different parts of the world, he is always a symbol of good will toward men.

Words of Wisdom

1. The things that we worry about most are the things that never happen.
2. It's no disgrace to be poor. It's merely inconvenient.
3. A woman's life is full of rings: engagement rings, wedding rings, and bathtub rings.

Family Counselor

OUR OLDEST son, aged ten, has always liked to tease. We have tried to curb this but felt a certain amount was normal in a family of three boys (ages ten, five and one-half, two). But now his teacher writes that he teases and picks on the other children so much that he has become quite a problem to her. It is never mean teasing but seems to be done purely in a spirit of mischief.

We thought this might be a desire for attention, but he does excellent schoolwork, gets recognition for this, and we praise him much at home. We give him many responsible jobs around the home and he likes this. But unless we keep him busy with books, games, or jobs, the teasing starts. It seems to follow this pattern at school. He resents very much our constant correction of this. We would certainly appreciate any advice from you.

You are correct in assuming that a certain amount of teasing is normal in a family with three boys the ages of yours. You evidently are also giving your ten-year-old the affection and appreciation he needs, so it would seem that he does not need to tease in order to gain attention, the attention, that is of *adults*, whether you and your husband or his teacher. You say nothing, however, about how he gets along with children of his own age. If his teasing tended to be somewhat mean, which you say it is not, I would want to investigate his relationships with his peers. A boy of ten who is not accepted by those of his own age, or for some reason cannot compete successfully with them in activities normal to his age, is likely to develop feelings of inferiority and even hostility, feelings which sometimes express themselves in teasing younger and smaller children. I think perhaps even with your youngster, I would check into this to make sure that he is not teasing partly to compensate for the fact that he does not feel at ease with those of his own age. If he does not feel secure with them, obviously your task is to encourage him to play more with that age group, and to develop skills that bring from them the recognition and approval he craves.

It should be remembered, too, that his teasing may arise primarily out of the fact that he is an unusually active youngster—which is no sin, of course. If this is true, perhaps you need to be on the lookout for a time when you can talk with him about his tendency to tease—not blaming him for it, but encouraging him to try to curb this tendency a bit. You may even help him discover the difference be-

tween the kind of teasing that is fun and the kind that isn't. It may be that his church-school teacher and his public-school teacher would be willing to watch for times when a discussion of teasing comes in naturally, a discussion in which other children take part. Such discussions may help your son realize he needs to let up a bit on his teasing.

You mention the fact that he resents your constant correction of his teasing. I am wondering, therefore, if you have not aggravated the situation somewhat by always getting after him when he teases. To be sure, there undoubtedly are times when you must step in and protect the younger children from teasing that is too much for them. You may even need to isolate your older boy temporarily at times until he is willing to co-operate with you. But don't keep after him all the time. And remember that in spite of everything you may do, you can expect some teasing to continue, yes, probably more than you would like. But don't let this teasing keep you and your son from a feeling of closeness and understanding.

Donald M. Maynard

All in the Family

HAROLD HELFER

Betty and Janice Versteeg climbed the 14,042 foot summit of Mt. Langley in California by following a trail which their parents had made eighteen years before.

* * * * *

The ten children of Mr. and Mrs. Josowska, of Lynn, Massachusetts, were each born on a holiday. Stephen was born on Christmas; Joseph, on the Fourth of July; Mary, on Thanksgiving; Walter, on April Fool's Day; Blanche, on St. Patrick's Day; Michael, on Halloween; Anthony, on Armistice Day; Lottie, on Columbus Day; Rudolph, on Liberty Day; and Sally, on Easter.

* * * * *

A Centralia, Illinois, mother and daughter have been sharing their breaks—first one arm and then another. Shirley Underwood, 11, broke her right arm in a fall from a horse. A few months later her mother, Dorothy, broke her left arm at a skating rink. Her cast was barely off when she slipped on her own rug and broke her right arm. Three days later Shirley, with the same horse at the same place as before, fell and broke her left arm.

THIS IS THE WAY WE DID IT

by Helen Houston Boileau

Don't always give appropriate gifts. Give folks what they don't need or have, not something obviously associated with the routine of their lives.

Instead of an uplifting book, soften a tweedy teacher with a frivolous bed-jacket or some light cologne. Must you give the minister a book of "significant" verse? He's probably already up to his collar in such literature, and would bless you for a present of a roll of color film or some golf or tennis balls.

Grandmother is yearly snowed under with age-old, old-age gifts. Why not a pair of impractical satin mules to flatter her still attractive little feet?

Of course those poor children need warm clothing, but how they would love some toys. Childhood's hunger for fun and brightness can be almost as physical as cold or hunger. Give them the clothes, yes, but add a few toys too.

Nothing you can buy wealthy relatives or friends can match what they already have or can easily buy. Don't try to give them a competitive gift, but choose a "time and thought" present—something homemade, or some little gift of service. People isolated by money often yearn for the friendliness and sincere warmth of thoughtfulness money cannot buy.

"I think I'll get that for Aunt Nell. It looks so unlike her." Sounds illogical, but it makes gift selection sense.

by Walter King

Christmas will be a lot more "Christmasy" if you make your own tree ornaments. Here is a new way to make your decorations for this year's Christmas tree. Nearly every year on opening your box of fragile tree ornaments you will find some of them broken. These broken ornaments can be made into new and interesting decorations.

Take a piece of thin cardboard and cut out different shapes, stars, circles, or diamonds. Then crush the broken ornaments into tiny particles. Cover the cardboard shapes with a thin coat of glue and sprinkle on the crystals. These ornaments are not only fun to make and are highly decorative; they also eliminate much waste during the expensive Christmas season.

by Florence J. Johnson

OUR family is scattered over the country. While we try to keep in touch with one another through letters, we find that there are many bits of news which would be interesting to distant relatives but which we forget to mention.

So, we started a Round Robin.

It's not just a letter. It's a scrap book that we fill during the course of a year.

If we get written up in the newspaper, we clip out the item and paste it into the scrapbook which has been divided into twelve sections, one for each month. Even if the clipping merely mentions that the J—s spent the day in the city, or that a member of the family served on a committee, it is included.

Other clippings would be of local news, of old friends and acquaintances. We keep a few pages in the back of the scrapbook for a collection of jokes and cartoons, that have been clipped from newspapers and magazines.

Then in each month's division there would be a diary or journal in which are written up the personal activities of the members of the family. We learned in this fashion of the engagement of a cousin's oldest daughter before it was announced.

Other advance news that came via Round Robin was that the stork was scheduled for a visit to a couple who had for years longed for a child and were considering adopting a baby.

We write of our hobbies, the size of this year's garden, the amount of canning we've done, the prizes we've won, if any, in local contests.

It is surprising the number of interesting things that happen during the year and that we forget to mention when we write out letters. Amusing sketches are often drawn to illustrate some of the odd things that happen. None of us are artists, but the picture that was drawn of our youngest hanging upside down by her skirt band in the apple tree was plain enough. So was the picture of Tommy who investigated a hornet's nest too closely. He was streaking across the wide open spaces with a cloud of lively hornets in pursuit. There was also the fisherman's tall tale with a picture of the big fish that didn't get away.

When we made up the first Round Robin, we sent it to the nearest relative with a list of those to whom it was to be sent in turn by the next recipient. We chose Christmas as the time to send

the Round Robin.

The idea was well liked. Other members of our scattered family started similar Round Robins, and schedules were worked out so that one family would not receive all the Round Robins at one time.

It has knit our family closer together as we find ourselves sharing the many little personal bits of news that make up family life.

Why not try a Christmas Round Robin?

HEARTHSTONE would like to have its readers tell how they have handled difficult family problems. Contributions should be limited to 500 words or less. Those which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. All unpublished manuscripts will be returned if they carry return postage. Here is a chance for our readers to help others!

When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Children never tire of hearing Christmas stories. You will find one in this issue of *Hearthstone*. You will find others in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Told Under the Christmas Tree*, an Umbrella book.

Guide Them in Making Gifts or Decorations. Children love to make gifts for the members of their family and their friends. The leader may find suggestions for making simple but attractive gifts in books such as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser, *Do-It-Fun for Boys and Girls*, by Mary and Dale Goss, and *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming.

Lead in the Singing of Carols. Most of the carols are familiar to boys and girls, and they enjoy singing them.

Direct Games. If you have time, a seasonal game or two would be enjoyed. Suggestions for games may be found in *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin and *Many Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Books for the Hearthside

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

"Activities for the Active," might well be the title of the new book by Bernice Wells Carlson, **Fun for One—or Two** (Abingdon Press, 1954. 160 pages. Price, \$2.00 cloth, \$1.35 paper). If your active ones are looking for something to do—and whose are not—here is a book that will come in handy when you hear that plaintive cry, "Mommy, what can I do now?" It is really a "how-to-do-it-yourself-book" that those who can read will be able to find something to do by themselves. The older children can also help younger ones to get in on the fun. Mrs. Carlson has other books of this type to her credit, which makes her a fine helper for busy parents, especially mothers. Interesting drawings by Raymond Abel add to the value of the book.

The childhood of Jesus has never ceased to interest writers, which is the reason for **Joel, the Potter's Son**, by Georgiana Dorcas Ceder (Abingdon Press, 1954. 96 pages. Price, \$2.00). Although the New Testament tells only one story about Jesus as a boy of twelve, early writers let their imaginations run away with them as they wrote about the "hidden years." Although Miss Ceder's story is about a fictional Joel, the real interest centers around what happened to Joel because of his young friend from Nazareth. This is the third book in which Miss Cedar and Helen Torrey, the illustrator have collaborated in producing.

BOOKS FOR YOUTH

A new series of books about famous Bible personalities, **Heroes of God**, is now becoming available for young people. The first three biographies are: **Queen Esther**, by Laura Long, **Jeremiah—Prophet of Disaster**, by Virginia B. Millikin, and **Paul—the World's First Missionary**, by Albert N. Williams (Association Press, New York, 1954. About 160 pages each. Price, \$2.00). Here are three great heroes of the Bible whose stories are told in a way that will interest modern teen-agers. We have long had good books for younger children about biblical persons but similar works for young people have been rather on the scarce side. This series should make up for some of that scarcity. Church libraries should have this series and homes might well make them available to their young people.

Good, wholesome, interesting fiction for teen-age girls gets a lift in **The House of the Fifers**, by Rebecca Caudill (Longmans, Green, and Co., Inc., New York, 1954. 184 pages. Price \$2.75). Fifteen-year-old Monica spends a summer on the farm of her relatives, the Fifers, and finds it just as dull as she feared—until things begin to happen. The climax of her gradual involvement in life on the farm comes on the day of the circus. Then she—but that would be telling, and your girls will want to read it for themselves.

Merritt Parmelee Allen, one of the best writers of adventure fiction for young people whose other books have been reviewed here, now takes us back into the seventeenth-century American life in **The Wilderness Way** (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 1954. 246 pages. Price, \$2.75). With young Laurent Delair the reader will experience the dangers, hardships, and excitements of frontier life as the explorer LaSalle searches for the mouth of the Mississippi River. Those were rough and ready days and the young Frenchman had to learn his way quickly to exist in the wilderness.

Jack Finegan, author of two popular books for young people, *A Highway Shall Be There* and *Like the Great Mountains*, now offers his young readers **The Orbits of Life** (Bethany Press, 1954. 160 pages. Price, \$2.50). The eighteen brief essays which make up the book are intended to help youth face the problems of life squarely and point them to the Bible with its guidance for them. The author leads his readers to a realization of the amazing freshness of the Bible as it is brought to bear on problems of today. In addition to the title chapter some of the other topics considered are: It May Not Be as Late as You Think, Religion: Confusionism, The Cost of Things, It Is Difficult to Be Different, Responsibility Ltd., How to Distinguish Right from Wrong, and others. Youth groups will find many subjects for discussion here.

Boys who "go down to the sea in ships" provide the inspiration for **The Venture of the Thunderbird**, by Charlotte Baker (David McKay Co., New York, 1954. 243 pages. Price, \$3.00). The opening of the nineteenth century is the time, on board ship from Virginia to China is the place, and Roy and Jerry Lacey, sixteen and fifteen years old respectively, are the boys. Out of such a setting a wide variety of exciting events takes place that will provide young readers with plenty of thrills. Dad will get a thrill out of it too.





Christmas in Your Home

What will Christmas be like in your home this year? Do you come up to this season of the year and find yourself in the same old ruts? Will this Christmas be just like every other Christmas? Do you ever add anything to your observance of Christmas that is planned to make it more significant?

Of course each Christmas is always just a bit different from any previous one simply because the family grows a year older every year. Where there are children this means that parents will have to think a little differently in planning for the season as another year is added to the growing brood.

Christmas, if it is to mean all that it should, must be planned for, so that each year finds the family growing in its appreciation of the birth month of our Lord. There are two important ways in which your home can find help in achieving this important goal.

One is by giving early consideration as to how you will observe this Christmas in your home. Wise parents will be on the lookout for every suggestion that will come to them for making the home reflect the true Christmas spirit. Certainly *Hearthstone* readers will want to make Christmas more Christian in all its aspects, and they will find help in these pages. They can also find help from many other publications which are increasingly emphasizing the Christian aspects of Christmas. This does not necessarily mean the complete elimination of Santa Claus and other similar phases of the season. It does mean a greater emphasis upon the place of the Christ and his birth in the celebration of this universal day.

The second way in which you will find help is by close cooperation with your church. Here, too, you will discover that your church is probably thinking a good deal as to how you observe Christmas in your home. While much of the observance of Christmas

has always had a large place in the life of the church, there is a growing recognition of the importance of making the home the real center of emphasis.

Begin now to plan how you will make Christmas more meaningful in your home.

The Slaughter of the Innocents

Christian art has given to the world its portrayal of the killing of the children under two in Bethlehem in order to get rid of a potential threat to Herod's throne and power.

A look at the calendar suggests the thought that this wholesale murder of innocent children has taken another form in the twentieth century.

Christmas Day falls on Saturday this year which means practically another three-day holiday. A large number of concerns are finding that December 24 is not a good day to get maximum production and so close down entirely on that day or work only until noon.

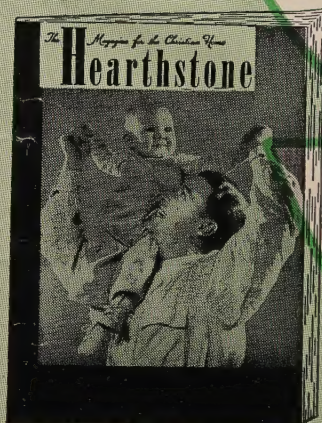
This is being written at the close of the Labor Day holiday. The death toll on our country's highways was an appalling one even though it did not quite reach the total predicted by the National Safety Council. At this writing there has been no figure released as to how many of the dead were little children. Whatever the total was, it was too large! The really tragic aspect of the matter is that these deaths were not necessary! Practically all of them were caused by human carelessness or "cussedness."

Parents in Bethlehem could do little about protecting their little ones from Herod's soldiers except to hide them.

Parents in the United States need to think some long, long thoughts on how to protect their children from this modern "Slaughter of the Innocents."

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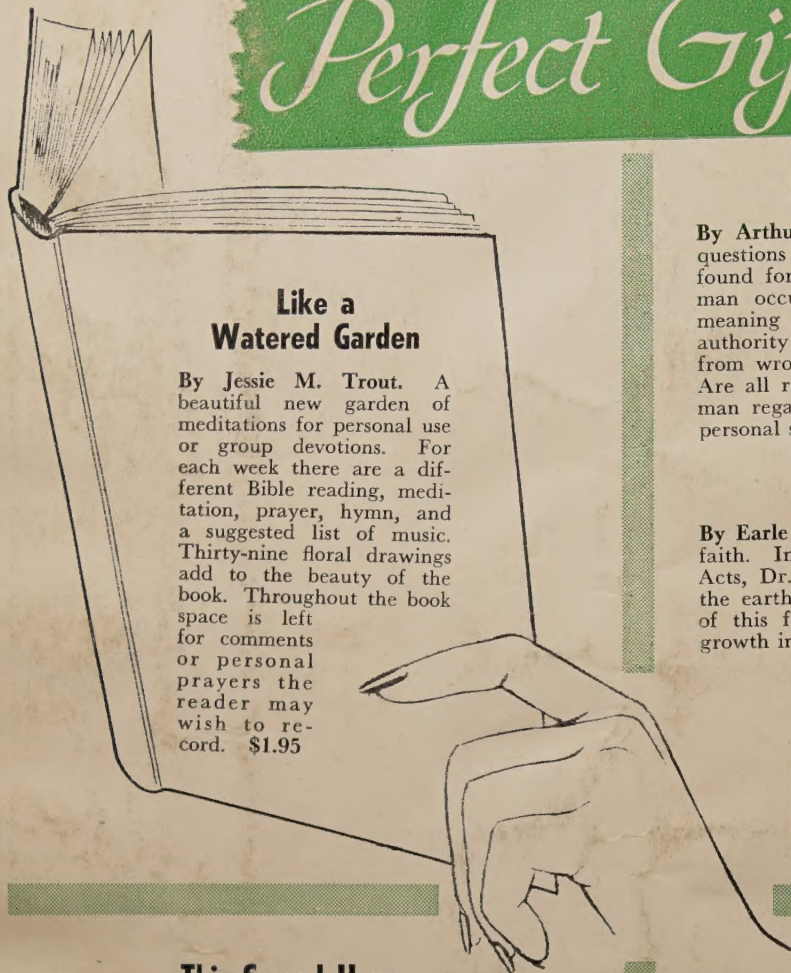
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This Sacred Hour

By B. H. Bruner. Fifty-two new communion meditations and prayers for ministers, elders and members of non-liturgical congregations. Each service is a unit within itself, with appropriate Scripture and a prayer for the Loaf and for the Cup on facing pages. The meditations may be used as they are or in part for the communion service or simply for the personal enrichment of those who participate in the services. \$2.00

Dreams at Sunset

By F. W. Boreham. The still beauty of the countryside flows through thoughtful reminiscences of a lifetime . . . years spent in preaching, ministering to the cares of others in England, New Zealand and Australia. \$1.25

Rhapsody in Black

By Richard Ellsworth Day. Through Civil War Virginia, an obscure slave preacher rose to fame. John Jasper's inspiring biography carries one through his family background and his work in Richmond tobacco houses. \$2.50

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By Culbert G. Rutenber. Clear, simple answers to questions asked about Christianity. An explanation of faith for youth and adults. \$1.50

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By Arthur W. Munk. New, satisfying discussions on deep questions of faith for which reasonable answers must be found for meaningful and creative living: What place man occupy in the scheme of things? . . . What meaning and purpose of life? What is the final authority in religion? . . . How can we distinguish from wrong? . . . Has science made God unnecessary? Are all religions equal? . . . Why does evil exist? How can man regain his lost sense of wholeness? . . . etc. personal study. \$2.75

Ye Are My Witnesses

By Earle V. Pierce. A comprehensive view of the Christian faith. In this practical, readable explanation of the Book of Acts, Dr. Pierce shows clearly the reality of the church as the earthly body of Christ. An appreciative understanding of this fact is capable of producing a great renewal and growth in the modern church. \$3.00

God's Wonder World

By Bernice Bryant. An illustrated book of devotional readings for children 6 to 10 years old, told in story form. Tells how God works with man in building our wonder world of inventions and how he is ever present. \$1.25

Tents Toward the Sunrise

By Charles W. Koller. Brief messages with rich seeds of practical Christianity. Inspiration and guidance for personal life, church administration, preaching. A book for every Christian concerned with responsibilities of church and faith. "For a devotional book it has no superior and few equals. It is down-to-earth in its applications, but up to heaven in its view."—Earle V. Pierce. \$2.00

The 7 Teen Years

By Alberta Z. Brown. A new book for teen-agers written in an appealing and down-to-earth manner. In a few pages are packed fears, dreams and questions with helpful answers and suggestions to complex questions. Talks about the thoughtless things youth do under pressure, souvenir swiping, steady dating, answer lifting on test days, etc. Thirty-four delightful cartoon drawings are included in the book. The author is a young woman well experienced in teaching teen-age youth both in church school and in weekday public schools. \$1.50



In Pastures Green

By F. W. Boreham. "A ramble through the Twenty-third Psalm" which, Dr. Boreham hopes, will pour into the hearts of others some of the comfort and grace which he found in the Shepherd Psalm. The lovely, illustrated paper volume has a beautiful gravure cover. 75 cents

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